MARION DAVIES EDITS THIS ISSUE

Movie Weekly

March 15, 1924

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"Natural Girl Worst Kind of Vamp!" says Mary Eaton

Valentino's First Day Back in Studio

Marion Davies
Photo by ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

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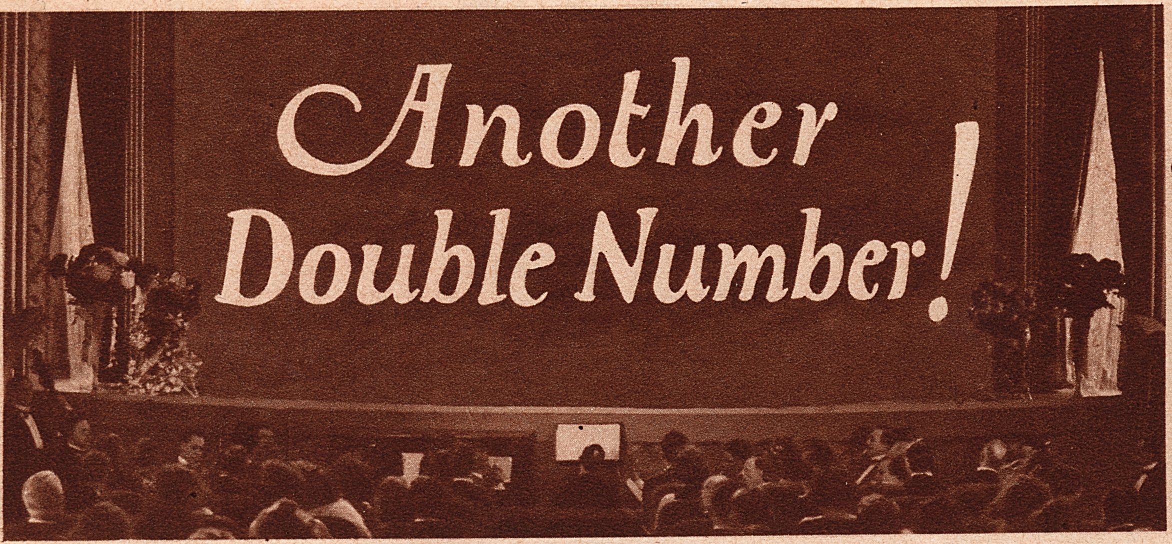

Coming *Contents*

A Surprise

So enthusiastic was the reception accorded our Double Number of Movie Weekly for February 23rd, that we have decided to surprise our readers by doing it again.

Hence, in our issue for March 29th, which will be week after next, we will again bring out a special Double Number that we hope will surpass the past in reading and pictorial matter of interest to the fans.

Look for our March 29th issue.

It will strike twelve, we prophesy.

Special

As a special inducement to our yearly subscribers, Movie Weekly has reduced its yearly subscription price from $5.00 to $4.00. This will include the special Double Numbers that sell at the newsstands for 15 cents a copy, but which cost our own yearly subscribers not a cent more than the regular copies.

THINK IT OVER!

March 15th, 1924

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Hello Fans!

"I don't mind telling you that writing this editorial was harder work for me than a whole week in the studio."

MARION DAVIES

Marion Davies, who edits this issue of Movie Weekly.

Marion Davies, popular *screen star*, visits office of *Movie Weekly* and edits a special issue—*Miss Davies'* message to the fans

HELLO, fans!

It isn't often that I get a chance to speak right out from the pages of a magazine and say something to my fans. And now that this opportunity is thrust upon me, here I am, with a bad case of stage fright.

The question is—what am I going to say to you? Every editorial, I am told, is supposed to have a message; if I could only find some message lying about idle that I could use, my stage fright would probably disappear. But all the messages I can think of have been overworked already.

For instance, there's the one about my dear public—you know—"the best pal and severest critic" one—and how I want to please my public; how much I am willing to suffer for the sake of my Art; how I am always striving to do "bigger and better things"—well, you can see for yourself that I can't use *that* message. It's already been overdone and laughed out of the screen magazines.

Let me see!

Oh, yes—there's the one about what hard work it is to play in pictures. Of course that's perfectly true, and don't let anyone tell you differently. At least, if anyone does tell you that, you've certainly the right to start an argument. I might tell you about the work-a-day mornings when I have to get out of bed by six o'clock or earlier, in order to be at the studio, with my make-up all on, by nine. Yes, I could tell you that—and it would be perfectly true—but somehow it sounds a little reminiscent. It has a strangely familiar ring, like one of those things that has been said countless times before. And what's the use of my telling you something you already know? Things every fan knows?

No, I'm afraid neither of those messages will do.

Of course I could say something about costume pictures. It's customary these days for screen stars to be quoted as saying that costume dramas are out of date, that the public is tired of them. But I can't commit myself to such a statement as that, because I think that if a story is good enough to be worth filming, it should be filmed, whether it's a costume drama or not. And if my pictures are done as well as my company and I can do them, I am willing to leave the verdict to the public.

SOMEHOW I feel that the thing most of you readers would rather hear than anything else is what chance have all of you got to "get by" on the screen. In other words—could you be a movie star if you could?

To be frank with you, I believe you could. It's no secret, girls; it's no mystery, boys. Anyone who's moderately attractive and moderately intelligent, if given the right chance, would succeed.

This is the first time I ever acted as an editor, but, although it was a lot of work, it was also a lot of fun. You know they took a movie of it all in which Mr. Macfadden, the publisher, and Mr. Oursler, the supervising editor of the eleven Macfadden magazines, and Mr. Balch, the regular editor of Movie Weekly, were all shown working with me. It was lots of fun, for at the end of the day Victor Herbert, the composer, came in and I interviewed him just as many others have interviewed *me*. I was really sorry when the time came to leave.

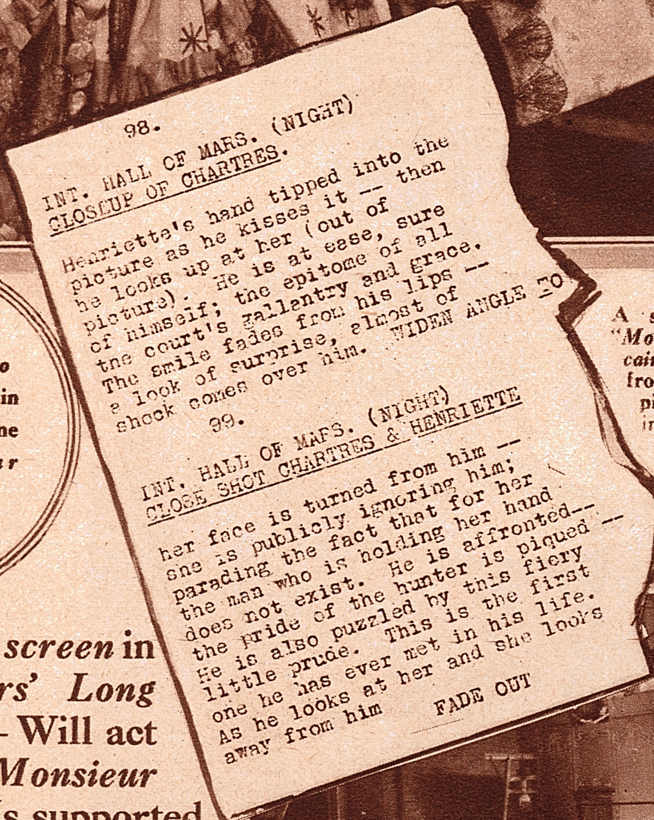
And now I guess that's about all I have to say—to tell the truth, it's all I can think of to say—except to wish you all the best of luck and to confide that I hope you'll like me only half as much in an editor's chair as you've been kind enough to like me on the screen.

Good bye and good luck.

Marion Davies

Miss Davies, editor, consults with Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of Movie Weekly, on a matter of editorial policy.

Rudolph Valentino and Bebe Daniels in a tender love scene from "Monsieur Beaucaire."



98.
INT. HALL OF MARS. (NIGHT)
CLOSEUP OF CHARTRES.

Henriette's hand tipped into the picture as he kisses it -- then he looks up at her (out of picture). He is at ease, sure of himself; the epitome of all the court's gallantry and grace. The smile fades from his lips -- a look of surprise, almost of shock comes over him. WIDEN ANGLE TO

99.
INT. HALL OF MAFS. (NIGHT)
CLOSE SHOT CHARTRES & HENRIETTE

her face is turned from him -- she is publicly ignoring him; parading the fact that for her the man who is holding her hand does not exist. He is affronted-- the pride of the hunter is piqued -- He is also puzzled by this fiery little prude. This is the first one he has ever met in his life. As he looks at her and she looks away from him FADE OUT

A sheet of the "*Monsieur Beaucaire*" continuity from which the picture is being made.

Valentino's

"I agree thoroughly with all Mr. Balch has to say regarding Rudy. I think—as I've always thought—that there is only ONE Valentino."
MARION DAVIES.

Rudy returns to *screen* in *Famous Players' Long Island Studio* — Will act in and as *"Monsieur Beaucaire"* — Is supported by an all-star cast

***By* David A. Balch**

HE WAS clad in a coat of green satin, emblazoned gorgeously with silver brocade, a lustrous pair of green satin breeches, with gray silken hose ornamented by jewelled garters, and pumps that were resplendent under buckles sparkling with precious stones. A powdered wig crowned his well-shaped head, and his face was as white and as cleanly cut as a cameo. He walked like a courtier which indeed he was. It was the Duke of Orleans, a faultless figure of sartorial splendor, and the hero of Booth Tarkington's classic tale, "Monsieur Beaucaire." But off the screen he was just—Rudolph Valentino.

Valentino had "come back." Under circumstances of pomp and ceremony that took on all the elements of regal magnificence, Rudy, the most romantic personality in the world, had returned to the screen after an absence of nearly two years. And this was his first day in the studio. It was altogether an auspicious affair.

In recent weeks, we had heard from one quarter or another that when Valentino returned to the screen he was going to prove a "terrible flop." In other words, and in the language of places less urban than New York, he was doomed to prove a dire failure and an expensive disappointment to those who sponsored him.

WE HEARD it all in calmest unbelief. We had always believed in the man since we first saw him in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," and the months that followed this appearance bringing with them incidents in his career like "The Conquering Power" and "Blood and Sand" did nothing save confirm our opinion. We believed he would "come back" like a million dollars and now, after seeing his first day's work in the studio, we feel surer of it than ever before.

"Monsieur Beaucaire," in which Valentino will star, is to be a Special Production by Famous Players. This means that the game will be played without limit—the game of making the screen version of the well-known yarn just as expensively fine as care and

Rudy's first day back at work in the studio. He can be seen in the background, bowing with courtly grace to *Lois Wilson*, the lovely young queen. Among the group are representatives of the fan magazines.

First Day's Work in the Studio

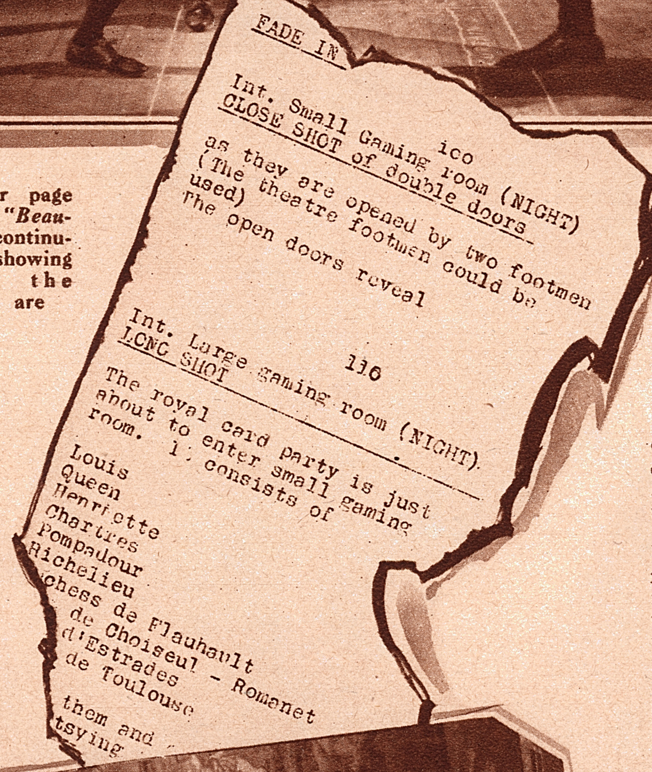
Valentino taking a fencing lesson in the *Famous Players Long Island* studio, in preparation for his return to the screen in and as *"Monsieur Beaucaire."*

money can make it. This is the setting provided for Valentino's return to the movies.

And it's rather fine of Famous Players, too, we think. They have recognized in Rudy a force, a personality, as unique as it is tremendous, and if for no more than business reasons, they have determined to give him all they've got in order for him to "get over."

We won't say it was necessary. We believe that Valentino could have come back to the screen in a job lot of sets with second hand costumes and still made his return notable. But the advantage of unlimited expenditure is indubitable, and it will aid Rudy, just as beautiful clothes help a beautiful woman. The very magnificence of the "Beaucaire" production will set off Valentino as a platinum base sets off a chocolate diamond. And this can't do anything but help matters.

The "sets," which were specially designed under the supervision of Mrs. Valentino—herself an expert in such things—are marvelous reproductions of ancient France. The greatest care has been bestowed upon material details in order to create the spirit of that vanished past, when Louis XV. was King of France.



FADE IN

Int. Small Gaming room (NIGHT) ico
CLOSE SHOT of double doors
as they are opened by two footmen
(The theatre footmen could be used)
The open doors reveal

Int. Large gaming room (NIGHT). 116
LONG SHOT
The royal card party is just about to enter small gaming room. I. consists of
Louis
Queen
Henriette
Chartres
Pompadour
Richelieu
chess de Flauhault
de Choiseul - Romenet
d'Estrades
de Toulouse
them and
tsying

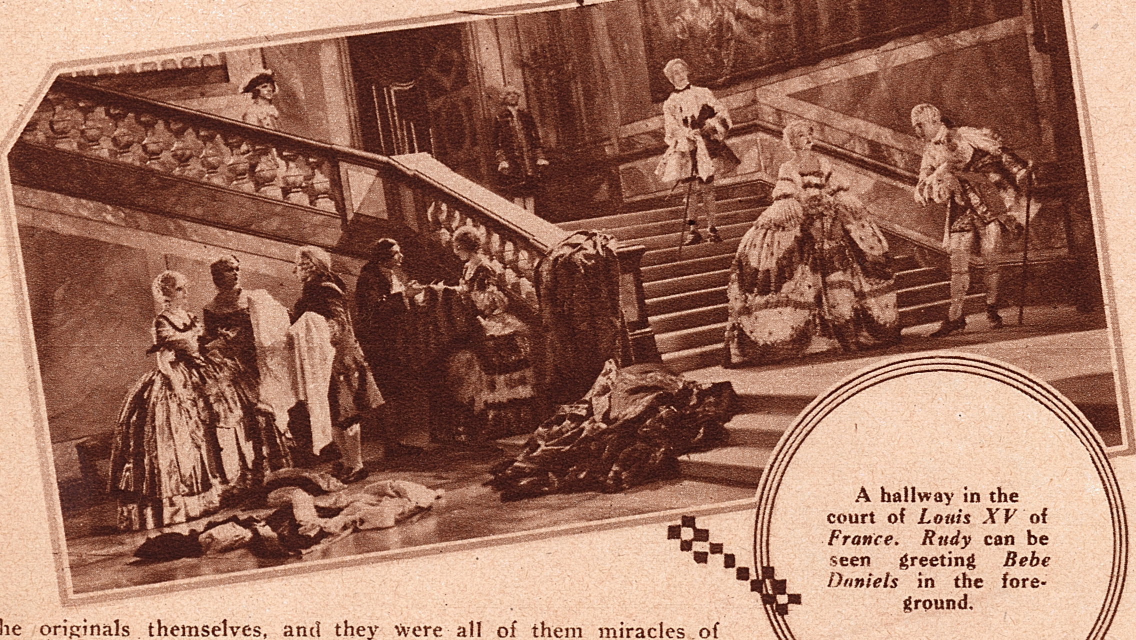
Another page of the *"Beaucaire"* continuity, showing how the scenes are *"shot."*

THAT was the setting. All that remained was for the human element of the equation to make his appearance and start into motion what is destined, we believe, to prove one of the most interest-arousing screen productions ever filmed.

We were there when Rudy made his first appearance. The first scene "shot" was to be the so-called "French episode" in which the handsome young Duke seeks the favor of the young Queen. As a part of the "special" character of the production, what virtually amounted to an all-star cast had been chosen by Famous to support Rudy, which included, in part, Lois Wilson, Bebe Daniels and Helene Chadwick.

You should have seen those girls in the costumes of the Court of Louis XV. of France! Words—mere words—fail to describe the sheer magnificence of their beauty. Some were copies of the antique originals, while others were the originals themselves, and they were all of them miracles of silk and satin splendor adorning persons of fair and powdered loveliness.

We were waiting for Rudy, and finally he appeared, clad as we have first described and walking with the easy, graceful tread of a dancer and an athlete. It handed us a thrill, too. He came onto the set, a faultless figure of polished grace, and under the direction of Sidney Olcott—while several cameras clicked steadily—he made his first scene, in which he paid court to the Queen.



A hallway in the court of *Louis XV* of *France. Rudy* can be seen greeting *Bebe Daniels* in the foreground.

Well—it was a great moment. Valentino had come back; the man in whom feminine interest runs higher by a thousandfold than any other man in the world today—had come back to the screen after an absence of nearly two years. It was a great moment. Valentino—why he was a national figure, a man whose picture for days had appeared upon the front pages of newspapers. Valentino had come back to the screen.

LATER we talked with Rudy.

"Well—" we said with a slow smile, "you certainly are *back*, aren't you?"

He smiled in understanding.

"Yes," he returned. "But it was a long siege. I can tell you—it feels good to be under the old grease paint again."

"But you're back," we persisted with a steady smile.

He took a deep breath.

"Yes," he returned, "but it now remains for me to see if I can *stay* back!"

He will. He's got something, that chap—something that's as imperishable as the fire of Bernhardt, and he will stay with us—barring accidents—for a long, long time to come.

It isn't his acting; it's himself. He's just different, that's all; and when you see him you recognize the distinction, and you bow, even as everyone does who knows him, before his personality which—as Famous Players itself acknowledged—is as tremendous as it is unique.

Valentino is back, readers, and he is back to stay.

Edmund Lowe
Photo by
EDWIN BOWER HESSER

"The NATURAL GIRL IS WORST KIND OF VAMP!" Says Mary EATON

Famous *screen* beauty of Ziegfeld *"Follies"* fame tells how *silent drama* instructed her in wiles of siren

By Nanette Kutner

"I've often wondered what a vamp really was. Once I thought I saw one—in a movie, but I wasn't sure."
MARION DAVIES.

MOST girls envy Mary Eaton. And no wonder! She has golden hair, large blue eyes, and a perfect figure; and if that isn't beauty, we ask you, what is? She possesses various talents (note the plural), for when it comes to dancing, Mary is there with both feet—and then some! Not only is she a perfect dancer, but she has a voice—a voice that sings.

Nine chances out of ten you don't believe us, so we'll prove it to you. Mary Eaton is one of the featured stars in Ziegfeld's latest production, "Kid Boots." That's the proof—for you all know Ziegfeld never picks a lemon. He was looking for a girl who could sing, dance and be beautiful all at the same time, and he found her when he met Mary Eaton.

But—as the poet says—"that ain't all!" Mary has just dug out another talent: she can act. Yes, sirree, she can act with a capital "A." We discovered that fact just the other day, and here's how it happened!

We went to see the Paramount production of "His Children's Children," mainly because it was Mary Eaton's first picture. As her beautiful face was flashed on the screen—we gasped! Our sweet Mary was taking the part of a baby vamp—and she was playing the part to perfection! We could hardly believe our eyes—either she had changed her personality and her mode of living—or she was a very good actress.

We were determined to find out the truth of the matter. Had Mary Eaton grown to be a baby vamp, or was she still the same sweet girl we used to know?

That's how we happened to rush into Mary's dressing room the other night.

"Turn around towards the light!" we shrieked. "We want to see if you've changed any."

"What ever are you talking about?" Mary asked us with a puzzled frown.

"You're the same Mary, so it's all right. You see, we just saw 'His Children's Children,' and you were such a perfect baby vamp that we thought maybe you had become one in real life also"

"The movies taught me how to vamp!" exclaimed Mary, as she pinned up those golden curls.

"The most dangerous girl," said *Miss Eaton*, "is the girl who is her natural self. The older men usually fall for her."

"I'll start right from the beginning and tell you the whole thing," she continued. "Most folks are under the mistaken impression that all Follies' girls are vamps and home wreckers. Of course, you know that isn't true. Girls in the Follies are no more vamps than any other girls. Every girl has her own particular winning ways, which, summed up, amounts to vamping. Anyway, you know I'm just myself and not a vamp at all."

"I was in the Follies when Sam Wood wanted someone to take the part of Mercedes, the baby vamp in 'His Children's Children.' Mercedes was supposed to be a Follies' girl, so it was only natural that Mr. Wood turned to the Follies when he was looking for someone to act the part.

"I don't know why, but he picked out me, and I was tickled to death, because I always wanted to act in motion pictures. I almost fainted from surprise when they told me I was to play the part of a vamp—a home wrecker. I suppose they thought it would be very easy for me to play that part. They probably thought home wrecking came natural to me, an every-day occurrence, as it were."

"What did you do after they had you all booked for the part?" we asked. "Did you know anything about the art of wrecking homes?"

"I didn't know a thing about it when I started that picture, but I know everything there is to know about vamping now!" answered Mary, with a very wise smile.

"MARY EATON, you're a dangerous woman to have around the house, it's lucky we haven't got a husband, for you probably would vamp him away!"

"I would not vamp any husband for the simple reason that I do not put my knowledge of vamping into practice!" Mary exclaimed.

"How did you gain this—er — so-called knowledge?"

"I always read a good deal, so I started right in reading everything I could on vamps. I studied those books like I would a lesson. Because I studied about vamps, I learned some very important facts. I learned that the most dangerous vamp is not the slinky, snaky woman, who always years long earrings. The most dangerous vamp is the girl who is her natural self!"

"What about the baby vamp?" we asked.

"The older men usually fall for her—but take it from me, it's the girl with the natural, unaffected, winning personality that does the most damage. She is the one that can wreck homes—she is the one that can break hearts.

"My study taught me that—it also taught me how to be a baby vamp—because that was the part I was supposed to play."

"You certainly must have studied hard," we remarked, "because you sure did play that part to perfection."

"I can thank the movies for that," she answered. "If it wasn't for the movies I would never have learned about vamps—yes—indeed—I can thank the movies for teaching me how to vamp!"

How I wrote "Kiss Me Again"

by Victor HERBERT

Marion Davies pauses at her typewriter in her task of writing her interview with *Victor Herbert.*

"One of the first tunes I learned to pick out on the piano was 'Kiss Me Again.'

MARION DAVIES.

Famous composer tells how he came to write modern song classic —His interviewer takes down his remarks with painstaking care

As related to Marion Davies

WERE you ever completely surprised, dumbfounded and all that sort of thing to see a door open and someone walk in that you never, never expected to meet?

Well, on my first day as editor of Movie Weekly, a knock sounded on the portal of my sanctum, and when I said "Come in!" (in the gruff, peremptory tone that I was told ALL editors employ), who should appear but Victor Herbert. Accompanying him was Mr. David A. Balch, the regular editor of Movie Weekly.

"I want you to meet Mr. Victor Herbert," Mr. Balch said. "I have induced him to come up from the Cosmopolitan Theatre, just down the street, and be interviewed by you."

Mr. Herbert laughed as he took my hand. Then he turned to Mr. Balch.

"I put one over on you," he said. "I have known Marion ever since she was a little girl. But," he turned to me, "I'm glad to meet you, Marion—for the six hundred and seventy-third time."

Mr. Balch left us alone together at that, and I started on my first interview as an editor.

"What shall I interview you about?" I asked Mr. Herbert.

"That's for you to decide," he returned with a perplexing smile. "You might ask me if I like your acting in the pictures."

"My goodness, I wouldn't dare," I flashed back. "Suppose you said you—well, I wouldn't want to print *that*, you know."

"But I wouldn't," he protested. "However, Marion, you're the editor. Go as far as you like. I'll answer any reasonable question—if I can."

"Well, then, Mr. Herbert," I said severely, "I shall take advantage of your good nature. There is one melody you wrote that I have admired ever since I have been old enough to know a bar of music from a rag-doll. It is, I think, the most wonderful waltz tune in the world. I daresay thousands of lovers have proposed under its influence—millions of shafts of moonlight have entered millions of hearts to the tune of it. And so I am going to ask you, sir, by what divine inspiration you were enabled to write——"

"'Kiss Me Again,'" he said.

"How did you guess?" I gasped in astonishment.

"That's what everyone asks me," he replied. "You'd really think it was the only thing I'd ever written that is worth humming or playing a second time. And maybe it is," he added.

"At any rate," I reminded him, "it has outlived every other melody, almost, in our time. The passing years seem only to make it more popular, more loved. How did you come to write it?"

"Of course, if you think your readers would be interested——" he began. "And, being an editor, you *must* know what interests your readers."

"Please," I coaxed him.

"While you were playing with your dolls," he went on, "I was writing the music for "Mlle. Modiste," an operetta, for Mr. Charles Dillingham. It

Victor Herbert, celebrated composer, who saw two young people kissing from his window in a *Saratoga* hotel and promptly wrote his famous waltz, *"Kiss Me Again."*

was to be a vehicle for Fritzi Scheff, a young Viennese lyric soprano, who had just come to America to make her reputation. She was a delightful and charming little person who captured the hearts of all who met her.

"Well, we were getting under way with the lyrics of "Mlle. Modiste," and everything was going beautifully at rehearsals, when Mr. Dillingham decided that we ought to have one outstanding, undeniably catchy waltz tune—the waltz then being in high favor, higher, I may add, than it is right this minute.

"Naturally I set about to write such a melody —but somehow the thing would not come. Maybe I had put in so much work on the rest of the operetta that my brain was fagged—but whatever the cause, I couldn't seem (*Continued on page* 31)

Just a REGULAR GIRL!

"I don't know what to say about the nice things this little lady has said about me. It's the first time I've ever felt embarrassed by compliments." MARION DAVIES.

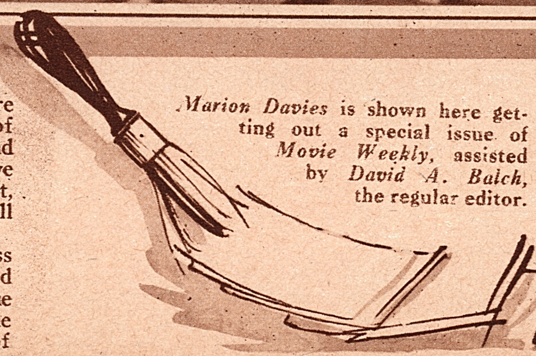
"I used to cry at what the critics said about me," confided *Miss Davies.* "But after I made *'Knighthood,'* this career business began to look brighter."

Would you care to know whether the beautiful young *star* of *"When Knighthood Was in Flower"* is like yourself or not? Then read this intimate study of her

By Alma M. Talley

ONE of the most pleasing qualities about Marion Davies is her cordiality, her warm friendliness when you meet her. Added to this is a simplicity of manner, a modesty that is altogether charming.

The first time we ever met Miss Davies was at a luncheon more than a year ago, which she gave on the set of "Little Old New York." It was in a huge armory in Brooklyn, which had been rented for use in the film, and which had been converted into a big public square in lower New York, where almost all the action of the story took place. The set was one of the most remarkable ever made, and dozens of newspaper and magazine writers were invited to watch the faking of the scene in which the Hoboken Terror bore Miss Davies through the mob on his shoulders.



Marion Davies is shown here getting out a special issue of *Movie Weekly,* assisted by *David A. Balch,* the regular editor.

Miss Davies acted as hostess to these dozens of writers—and never was there a more gracious hostess, or one more thoroughly at ease at the head of the luncheon table. No one would ever have suspected that she had had scarcely any sleep on the preceding night, having walked the floor in pain because of Klieg eyes.

"Couldn't you have called off—all this?" I asked her.

"Not with four hundred extras on the set," she explained. "There would be too much money involved in my staying at home—with extras being paid by the day."

And yet they speak of these temperamental stars! There undoubtedly are such persons—but Marion Davies is not one of them. Any little office girl who felt as tired and nearly ill as Miss Davies did that day, would have been privileged to stay home from work; but, being a screen star has its responsibilities as well as its glory.

By the time she went home that night, Miss Davies was ready to drop from fatigue. She had every excuse to be cross and irritable—but she wasn't. She was still brightly cheerful, still the perfect hostess. Being agreeable to dozens of people whom you care nothing about is enough to try anyone's patience. And even the satisfaction of being a screen star means little to Marion. There's little glamor in it for her.

"I used to cry and get terribly discouraged at what the critics would say about me — before I made 'Knighthood,'" she confided. "They said I was a terrible actress, and it all seemed so hopeless. Frankly, I worked just because of the salary. But after I made 'Knighthood,' this career business began to look brighter. The critics were kind to me. They made me feel as if I might have some ability after all—and I began to put more real feeling into my work than I ever did before."

Don't think for a moment that screen stars don't have as many heartaches as you do. The chances are they are hurt even more easily than the average person, because any creative artist is super-sensitive.

(Continued on page 29)

My Own Story of

"Rudy, I envy you on your travels abroad. I'm glad, however, that you didn't stay too long—for the screen, I feel, needs you. Good luck!"
MARION DAVIES.

Rudy and Natacha see the sights in Paris, before leaving for Deauville.

Famous screen star and his wife linger in French capital for a few days and then visit Deauville — The art treasures intrigue Rudy, while Natacha is fascinated by the modistes' establishments — Rudy tells what he thinks of France

Hotel Plaza-Athenee,
August 1st.

FRANCE has always seemed to me to be symbolized best by a proud and beautiful woman. A woman with light laughters; yes, maybe, but with the blood of an undying courage running in her veins. And France despoiled is, to me, like a beautiful woman despoiled by vandal hands. A desecration.

I said to Natacha before we reached France that I might be evading what I should face, but I felt that I did not care to see the battlefields of France, and as few of the ruins as I could gaze upon. To me, the wounds of the earth, the despoilation of all that architectural and ancestral beauty would be like gashes in fair flesh. Vandalism.

I suppose, and I don't know quite why, but I suppose that everyone is slightly sentimental about France. We think of the La France Rose when we think of France. We think of a tinkling, effervescent frivality when we think of Paris. We think of champagne and little, twinkling red heels, the stories of Maupassant, the gay "chansons," beauty and bravery—red gashes of wounds.

So many people said to me, "Rudy, the war is over and so is Paris. France will never be the same."

I felt almost superstitious about alighting upon French soil. I am sensitive to pre-impressions such as these. My imagination runs on ahead of my body, creating images, imagining things that, almost always, fortunately, I am never called upon to actually witness.

I TOLD Natacha some of these dreads, and she told me not to fear for France, for the gay insouciance of the country, masking with motley and bells a beautiful silver courage, would never waver nor break down.

And so it seemed to me, as, a bird in the air, I alighted upon French soil.

So, I think, perhaps too poetically, *should* one alight upon France. Not blunderingly with the dirt of heavy smoke and hideous grind of wheels, but delicately, poised, aloof from the mundane, a bird in the nethermost regions of height.

And there were the four hundred people waving their handkerchiefs at us as we began the landing. Natacha and I, looking out, could dimly discern them as we swooped eastward. And they looked to me like the up-fluttering wings of white little birds, gay little birds, brave little birds, *French* little birds, bidding us merry welcome as we came down.

"This," I said to Natacha, enraptured, "is both the way one should land in France and the way one should be received."

As I have written, I did not expect my ovation nor, indeed, any token of recognition in particular while in Paris. I had imagined myself practically an unknown on French soil. But it is, I think, also characteristic of the French people that no one who has achieved, however slightly, in whatever line, whether familiar to them or otherwise, is an unknown. Their spontaneous hearts, their hearts that are so many cups eager for beauty, reach out to all of us who attempt the Arts.

***Triumph Arch* in the *French* capital, which was erected as a monument to the war.**

My Trip Abroad

by Rudolph VALENTINO

Hebertot, hand outstretched, first greeted me. And then I shook hands with as many as could reach me before we were whirled away in Hébertot's care to the Hotel Plaza-Athenee, the best hotel in Paris.

On the ride over Hébertot told me that a great dinner had been planned for us the same night, at which would be most of the editors, actors, authors and other celebrities in or about Paris at that time. He told me that they are all intensely interested in the cinema in America, and how we work, and all about studio conditions and production activities and the like.

I told him that I was never so happy as when discussing with interested and intelligent persons the question nearest to my heart, and that I would be only too happy to answer their questions, I hope as intelligently as they would be put to me.

AND this is indeed the truth. I am never so happy in conversation with others as when I am discussing the future of the screen—the opportunity that exists to make it one of the great arts in the world today. It's a sort of passion with me. I love to discuss it and I don't believe any task could be too big—any amount of time too great, for me to undertake or devote in making pictures better than in many instances we find them today.

The dinner was a brilliant affair. Like most of the French gatherings, I imagine, there was an air of glitter and gaiety about it all that stimulates even without the aid of wine. As a matter of fact, unlike America, the French do not precede their meals with the drinking of cocktails. They drink wines and cordials, but the cocktails which are an integral part of almost every American dinner, are absent here in France. It gives, I really think, a clearer and more brilliant atmosphere.

Most of the talk ran to pictures. The editors and actors who were present, alike, wanted to know "all about it."

In fact, one of the things that has most impressed me both in London and in Paris about the questions I have been asked about the Screen, has been their intelligence. I have been asked questions, both personally and by mail, because the questioners really wanted information; not out of purely personal and sometimes indelicate curiosity about me as a person. No one has asked me whether I ate chops or eggs for breakfast, nor what kind of toothpaste I indulge in, nor how I treat my wife; but they concerned themselves exclusively with my ideas and ideals regarding motion pictures, which shows, I think, good taste as well as intelligence.

I do believe in a certain degree of publicity. I do *not* believe in going about as a shrouded, mysterious and inaccessible figure; but there is a limit to all things. And I have been occasionally asked questions which transcend that limit. Questions that would tear every veil of reticence away and leave me without any private life whatsoever. It may be wrong of me to think so, but after all I am only thinking aloud and may contradict myself anon, but it really seems to me that such questions, if answered, would not only be embarrassing to me as an individual who does lead, after all, a life off the screen, but also would it be bad for me as an artist.

Once the general public began to go into the studios and watched the mechanical processes of the making of pictures, just then was some of the illusion necessarily destroyed for them. And how can man live by bread alone?

It would be, to use a homely parallel, like a small boy divesting his favorite, brightly painted clown of the clown suit and gaudy paint and finding underneath just a very human man with a family and family cares. He could never laugh, this little boy, quite so hard again. He would be "seeing the wheels go 'round." And while some artists lead lives fully as colorful and as romantic as the roles they give to the public via the screen, none of us can be "Julios" and "Hamlets" and "Robin Hoods" perpetually.

Mrs. Valentino and one of the *Pekes* that she purchased in London.

The *Bois du Boulogne* in *Paris*, through which *Rudy* and *Natacha* strolled.

Beauty was never meant to be probed. Illusion must wear a veil. Art must conceal art if it is to please and allure.

Still further along the same line, both in Paris and London I was not only questioned intelligently and interestedly, but I was also *quoted correctly*. No single one of them took "poetic license" or any license at all with what I told them. It was an enormous satisfaction and one for which I am immensely grateful.

At the dinner and the reception following, Hébertot mentioned to me the fact that we could have several brilliant functions of the same kind, but I told him that while I appreciated this immensely and enjoyed every instant of it, I wouldn't be able to go in for it in any extensive way. I explained to him that our trip was really for a twofold purpose; one for rest, and secondly that I was homeward bound to see my people and the "town that I was born in," to paraphrase an American song.

Hébertot understood perfectly. The tact of the French is as perfect as their hospitality.

He said that we must do some sightseeing and to that pleasurable thought we agreed with enthusiasm.

It was a gorgeous and unforgettable evening.

THINK that these days in Paris are to be like bright beads, strung on the thread of memory, one after the other. Each one translucent and glittering. Each one perfect and many-faceted.

Natacha agrees with me. Paris is like the light wine of the country to women. It tinges them with romance and expectation. If I should ever be called upon to give advice to a plain woman, I should advise her to spend some time in Paris. Even post-war Paris. It lays upon the feminine shoulders a delicate lace of poesy.

Paris, August 5th.

The first thing I had to do here in Paris was to get an automobile, because the rest of (*Continued on page* 28)

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Among the Dumbbells in the MOVIES

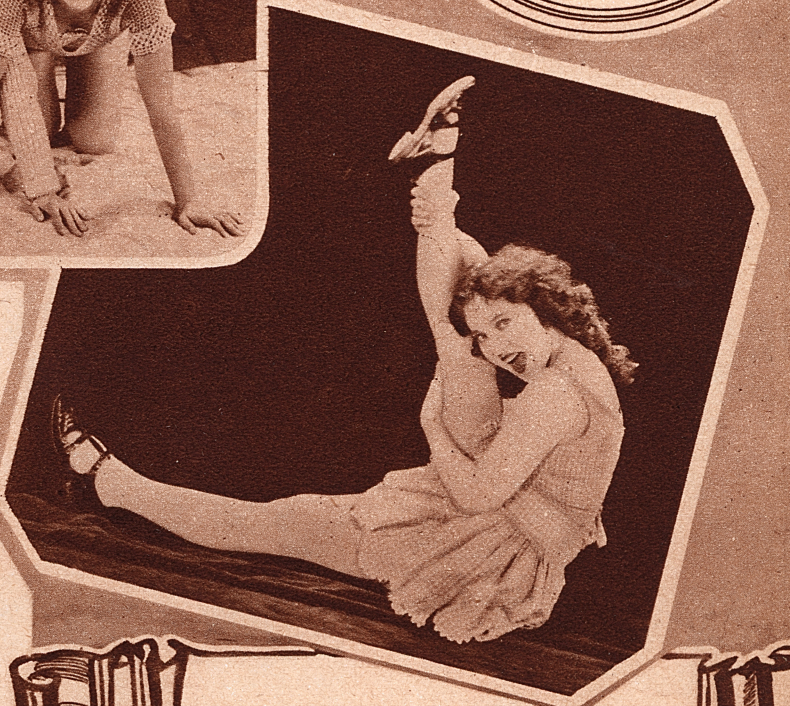
"Well—I'd rather be a dumb-bell than an Indian Club—and go around knocking things."
MARION DAVIES.

Ena Gregory, in *Stan Laurel* comedies, thinks there's one thing nice about having this kind of a horse—she doesn't have to feed him any sugar.

Three graces on a horse—from left to right, *Beth Darlington, Marie Mosquini* and *Blanche Mehaffy*, in *Pathe* pictures.

A bed of roses. *Beth Darlington, Marie Mosquini,* and *Blanche Mehaffy* imitating a pyramid.

Allene Ray, Pathe serial star, gives an imitation of a clubwoman—here she is with the clubs. By the way, why are they called *Indian Clubs*—when probably the *Indians* never saw a club like that?



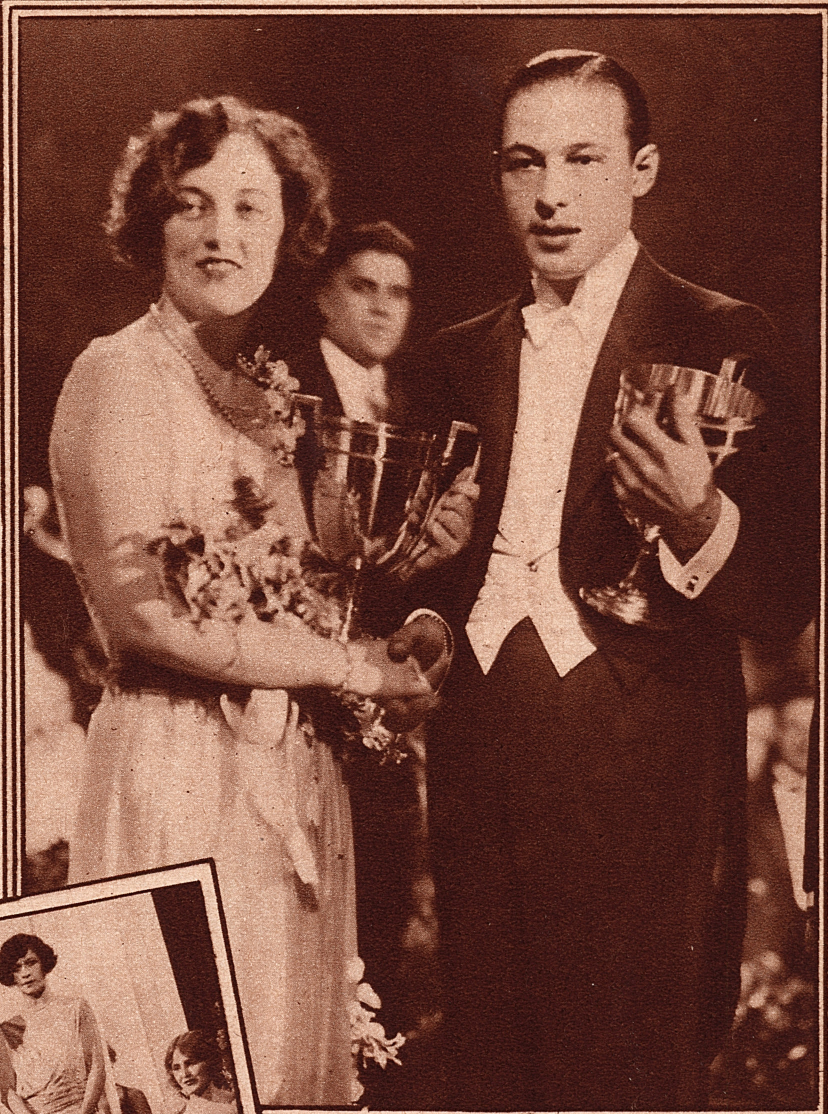
Jobyna Ralston, Harold Lloyd's leading lady, is cutting up like a pair of scissors.

The KING and QUEEN of the MOVIES

"I wonder if Mr. Valentino felt as foolish as I did while this was going on."
- MARION DAVIES.

Rudolph Valentino* and *Marion Davies* are voted royal rulers of *filmdom* in the hearts of the *fans

By Ruth Mabrey



Marion* and *Rudy* are crowned *queen* and *king* of the movies at the *Theatre Owners' Ball.

The presentation of cups is made. The smiling gentleman at the left is *Paul Whiteman*, the well-known orchestra leader.

KING and Queen of the movies! If you were called upon to select the two stars—male and female—to wear the crown of screenland, whom would you vote for? The New York public selected Marion Davies and Rudolph Valentino, and a gay party was given in their honor recently by the Theatre Owners' Chamber of Commerce at the Hotel Astor.

It was a very lavish occasion. The world and his wife were there—not to mention all the hundreds of picture exhibitors and their wives. They crowded and overflowed the ballrooms and lobbies of the Hotel Astor. The celebrities came there to be seen and there was no lack of picture fans there to see them. Even Governor Smith of New York put in his appearance. A whole box was turned over to the Follies' beauties; Eddie Cantor and Fannie Brice, two Follies' stars, were very much there. In fact, Eddie almost got crowned instead of Marion—and thereby hangs a tale, as the lady remarked of her pet dog.

The time came for the crowning—we mean that literally; this isn't a fable in slang. Rudolph was there, very much at ease, all ready to be crowned. Quite as he should be. But where was Miss Davies?

"Is Miss Davies in the house?" some one shouted. Everyone looked at his next-door neighbor to be sure it wasn't Miss Davies. But no! The next-door neighbor usually turned out most unromantically to be David Binkowitz, owner of the Fine Arts Theatre, or one of his cousins.

"Is Miss Davies in the house?" The clarion call went forth again. Fannie Brice and Eddie Cantor began to put on an act to amuse those who waited for the crowning. Eddie, in fact, insisted on being queen instead as long as Miss Davies hadn't appeared. But he was restrained somehow. Besides, the crown would never have fitted him. And still Rudy stood there, quite at ease.

FANNIE and Eddie went on with their act. People laughed at their antics and craned their necks to get a glimpse of the other celebs—Richard Barthelmess, Anita Stewart, Hope Hampton and so on.

"Here's Miss Davies!" someone shouted, and everyone looked under or over his neighbor's shoulder toward the doorway.

"Here's Miss Davies!" the murmur ran across and around the room. One elbow nudged another. "Miss Davies," each man told his neighbor obligingly.

And the Queen came in, bashful and beautiful. Miss Davies *is* beautiful, so beautiful that everyone gasps at sight of her. She made her way through the attentive crowd to the dais beside Rudy. Paul Whiteman stood nearby, beaming roundly at the assemblage. (*Continued on page 27*)

The Love Affairs of a Movie Actor

When temptation beckoned, whether in the form of a lovely woman or dangerous adventure, even at risk of life or honor, Hal Kent, actor, vagabond, gentleman — answered. Through a field of scattered hearts, pitfalls of lust and peril, he followed to an eventual fame and happiness which came as a reward of his too-brave daring in hearts . . . But this is his own true-life story, written by HIMSELF

"I wonder if the average movie actor won't feel like thanking the author of this story—for the compliment?" MARION DAVIES.

EVER since my expulsion from college I have, like an uprooted plant in the flood of life, swept from adventure to adventure, from love to love. Women, beginning with Laura Carlsen in New York, my first pure and honorable love, held an irresistible lure for me. It was that susceptibility which led me to go with Yvonne Weldon to Pittsburgh, there to live as her lover and to play small parts in the stock company of which she was the head. It was also that which led me to prison!

For, while living with Yvonne, her elderly lover, of whom I had never heard, appeared, and in order to cover my presence with her, I proclaimed myself a burglar and permitted myself, rather than expose Yvonne's duplicity to her lover, to be jailed.

But what was my horror, after several days incarceration, to learn that Yvonne had not the least intention of ever admitting I had other identity than that of a thief who had intended to rob her! The situation was desperate. I resolved on escape.

With the assistance of a girl prisoner in the same jail, an escape of astonishing daring and even more astounding ease, was affected. Molly and I, under her guidance, fled to the railroad yards, found an empty freight and scrambled in.

What was our horror, when we had been there but a few moments, to hear voices without, which led us to believe we had been tracked. The cars were about to be searched!

NOT often in my life have I come face to face with tragedy, or been caught in a net of sordid or melodramatic circumstances. Indeed, it seems to me, as I look back up my history, that all its dark or grim incidents occurred in the first stages of my career. For career it was in spite of the fact that I had no sense of the direction I was tending or what the future would offer.

But I cannot recall even now the memory of little Molly Shane on that night when we hovered together in the freight car, with the voices of the police in our ears, without a pang. My mind goes on and I see the sorry outcome of our adventure, and I pause to remember and regret the wayward soul of the little waif whom I was to know but a few brief hours.

I have told you how together we managed to escape from the flimsy detention prison where Yvonne Weldon's unscrupulous ambition had left me, charged with a felony of which I could not well clear myself. Molly Shane and myself had slipped through the streets after dark, and boarded an empty freight. Then, as it slowed up in the yards, the voice of one of the searchers had penetrated to us where we crouched back in the darkness.

"At any rate." I said, "he can't harm you again, Molly."

I think it was the big packing-case, which we hid behind, that saved us. The very instant after the sergeant in charge had ordered one of his men into the car to make a more systematic search, we heard another voice announcing: "Ah, there's no one there. Can't you see from the light?"

Molly and I were holding our breaths in tense silence, and now I felt her fingers tighten on my arm. We did not dare move, until the voices died away, and the slow footsteps had slowly receded. At the same instant, with a jerk, the freight train slowly moved out of the yards and, gathering speed, began to whine and clank, taking us upon a strange journey and to a stranger destination.

THEN Molly was exuberant. She jumped to her feet, whistled, and actually danced in expression of her glee. Her quick recovery of spirits made me smile. She seemed so light-hearted, so easily moved to tears or laughter that I couldn't credit my memory of her face as I had seen it through the bars of my cell—sad, abstracted, forlornly brooding.

For my part, I was equally relieved. My trial would have taken place before the week was out, if I hadn't broken jail. I could have offered no substantial defense to offset my first incriminating confession, and with Yvonne refusing to lift a finger in my behalf, I should undoubtedly, however unjustly, have been sent away for a term in the state prison.

When our first flush of triumph had worn away, we sat down together and discussed our plans. Sitting on the high packing-box, with glimpses of the dark night, the indistinct scenery, with the black patches of a group of farm buildings or a cluster of trees looming up every now and then through the opened doorway, I felt the romantic force of this chance undertaking.

The spirit of adventure was in my blood, and for a moment I was carefree, careless even, of what was before me in the remote southern city for which we were probably bound. And while the train ground the rails on its long, patient journey, I took the opportunity to learn more about Molly Shane.

She treated me now with the most extraordinary friendliness, leaning back close against me, taking my arm and putting it around her shoulder, and even displaying a certain affectionate interest in my comfort. I saw that she liked me, but somehow things were on a plane of liking and no more since that outburst of strange despair when she had first crept into my arms hours before.

I REMEMBERED now how curiously she had reacted when, in the obscure little restaurant, I had suggested that we make our way to New York.

"Tell me, Molly," I said, "why is it that you don't want to go to New York, but wish to go South instead? What have you got against New York?"

She was silent, almost as if she hadn't heard me, but I could sense her heart throbbing loudly. When she spoke, her voice came out of the darkness, charged with a queer note, a pitiful, broken timbre.

"I might as well tell you. I want to tell someone. And you've been pretty good to me. Maybe

you'll understand. I've had a hell of a life. Yes, That's all you can call it. And I'm afraid of going back to New York, or Jersey City, rather, because Rob Sylvester's there."

"Who's Rob Sylvester?" I asked.

Then, to the accompaniment of the grinding, clanking wheels and the creak of the wooden box car, she told me her story. I can never forget that subdued voice telling me, in half articulate phrases, the tale of her wretchedness and failure —a tale of bitter love.

SHE hadn't always been a bad girl, she assured me. She'd lived with her old father on the Jersey side of the river, and had commuted every morning to New York, where she was a stenographer. There was a young fellow whom she knew. He liked her, took her out a lot, and there was some suggestion of an engagement between them.

Then, one night when she was restless, she had taken a walk by herself. Not far from the waterfront, she had found a man who was hurt by a knife-thrust. A big, strong man, she said, not good-looking or anything like that, but full of a terrible magnetism for her.

After that she was lost. She couldn't eat or sleep for thinking of him. He completely fascinated her, yet she knew he was abominably brutal, that he was capable of treachery and cruelty and had every vice nameable. His name was Rob Sylvester, and she learned soon that he was the next thing to a gunman, and the associate of second-story men, dope takers and street girls.

Still nothing stopped her. Aware that she was plunging to her own doom, she nevertheless could not shake herself free from the spell the man had on her. Again and again she made resolves, only to break them, to seek him out once more, and to fall deeper into the snare of his uncanny grip on her emotions.

It took just six months to drag her down from a simple, happy respectability into an abandoned and wholly unmoral parasite, with her hand against society, without standards, conventions, or even hope. In return she received nothing except blows, bad usage, and the cynical neglect of Sylvester, for whom she had sacrificed everything.

In my limited experience I had heard dimly of men who preyed upon women, binding them to disgraceful service with the chains of unhappy infatuation. But this was the first time I had met with the actual thing itself; and in the story which Molly Shane unrolled before me I saw depicted the worst traits of humanity.

My blood rose at the picture of Rob Sylvester, as she presented him, and it was not easier to consider it when I realized that she bore him no resentment for the things he had done. Shock had followed shock, disillusionment had piled upon disillusionment. He had refused to marry her, and though knowing the sacrifice she had made, did not hesitate to parade his infidelities with other women before her eyes.

She had tried to run away from him, but her misery at separation was greater than the ill treatment she endured with him. Finally he had accepted her companionship with a kind of contemptuous amusement, taking everything for granted. He forced her to secure the money which he later spent in drinking with his cronies.

The horrors she had gone through are scarcely possible to put down. Finally he had gone to Pittsburgh "on a job"—a criminal one, of course. She had followed him, living in the only way she could. Behind her, the past, with her old father, her quiet friends, the young fellow she had once vaguely fancied marrying, merged like a half-forgotten dream.

THEN someone had squealed, and Sylvester had run back to his old haunts. Molly had been taken up by the police separately upon another charge, and gone to jail, where I saw her. While she was there, she had tried to work out her problem for herself. She knew that to see Sylvester again was to court disaster, and she had steeled herself at last to keep away from him forever.

"I got afraid," she said. "Seemed to me as if something would get me in the end if I stayed with him. That's why I didn't want to head back towards New York. I know I'd give in if I was near him. I've got to make it hard for me to see him. I'd go to the South Pole if I could, just to be where I couldn't ever see him again!"

She was silent now, and the little figure, hunched slightly forward in the intense gloom of the box car, was faintly discernible in its outlines, conveying, somehow, a suggestion of infinite sadness and misery.

My heart went out to her—a child of fate, twisted unhappily by the gift of a great love into a path so wretched, so hopeless in the end. But I was glad to think that her trouble with Sylvester was over, that she had banished him herself from her own mind, and that she was even looking back upon the hideous experience with aloofness.

"At any rate," I said, taking up my own thoughts, "he can't ever harm you again, Molly. He can't unless you let him, of course. And I guess you hate him now for what he did to you."

And she answered monotonously, in a faint and passionless voice: "Yes, I hate him—now."

The train moved on, stopping now and then for purposes that were obscure to me, switching upon some other track, perhaps, and Molly and I made ourselves as comfortable as we could on the hard flooring.

For my part, exhausted by the excitement and dangers of the day, I was nevertheless too highly strung to find sleep at once. But Molly lay down beside me and with the frank simplicity which was characteristic of her, snuggled her warm little body up close to me and rested her head upon my arm. Like a tired child, she was asleep in a moment, and I lay there, conscious of her soft breathing.

I was drawn to her infinitely. Not only the sadness of her struggle, but her own sweetness, made a picture for me. But I told myself that I was going to take care of her, watch out for her somehow in the future that was so vague for both of us.

I slept at last, and I came to my senses hours later, by realizing that Molly was tugging at my sleeve. She was bending over me and whispering.

"Better get up," she said. "We've arrived somewhere—though I don't know where. We're in the yards of some city or other—a pretty big place, I guess. We'll have to get out of here, before anyone comes around."

I raised myself upon my elbow, and rubbing the sleep out of my eyes, I gazed through the open doorway. I saw a huddled mass of drab buildings lifting themselves in a smoky haze. The dawn was just coming up, and in the grey light, the factories and warehouses hung silently, with an air of desolation.

The romantic spell of the previous night was gone. The time for action had come. I jumped to my feet, feeling stiff in body and unkempt in aspect. I jumped to the tracks and then lifted Molly down beside me.

"Where are we?" I asked, half to myself.

Molly was biting her lip. "It couldn't be!" she murmured.

"What?" I asked.

"Nothing. I don't know where we are, either. South somewheres."

A note in her voice made me look at her curiously. She was frowning. Something was worrying her, but what it was apparently she didn't choose to say. She seemed to throw off her mood with an effort, lifting her face towards me with a smile.

"Well, the first thing I'm interested in is, where can we get a cup of coffee?"

By this time we had left the tracks and were making our way up a dark street, where still the lights of corner lamps were making a final stand against the dawn. Around us the greyness was lifting, and the city seemed to stir in sleep.

"No chance for that!" I laughed. "We're broke, Molly. Let's find a bench somewheres, sit down, and make a plan. Though I think we're going to be lucky if we get *lunch* today! I've no hopes for breakfast!"

SHE laughed. "We don't need any plan. Wait! I'll show you how!" Quite suddenly she darted from my side and moved rapidly ahead. Around the next corner were coming two early workmen, their dinner-pails in their hands, their feet beating sharply on the resonant street. I saw Molly stop them, and with a quick suspicion, I hurried to reach her.

By the time I had done so, the workmen had moved on, and Molly was facing me, smiling. In her outstretched hand she held a quarter.

"Got it!" she announced.

"What do you mean?" I said angrily. "Did you ask those men for money?"

She looked up at me in surprise. "Why, sure! What else do you think I did? Told them a hard luck story, and they loosened up. Now, if they'd been rich, they'd have given me only a dime."

"See here, Molly," I said quietly, "if you and I are going to travel around together, you mustn't do that again!"

"But," she exclaimed, "we needed some coffee, didn't we? And they didn't mind giving it. You could see that. Why, it probably made them feel good, and will last them the rest of the morning. We had to have it, didn't we?"

"I don't care anything about that," I answered. "But if you think I'm going to have breakfast on money that's been begged for, and by a woman at that, you're mistaken!"

She shook her head solemnly. "Gee, you're some different from Rob!" she declared. Then a little touch of anger came into her face. "What are you kicking

(*Continued on page* 26)

A man loomed suddenly out of a doorway, *Molly's* fingers tightened on my arm. "Did you see him?" she whispered. "That's a plain-clothes man. I can spot them a mile off."

Marion Davies a Queenly

"I wonder if there's a reader of Movie Weekly who's a greater fan than I am? The only pictures I don't see more than once are my own." MARION DAVIES.

Marion Davies' charming guise of the burgher-maid "Yolanda" hasn't dampened the romantic ardor of Ralph Graves, the young prince of Milady's choice.

Elaborate New Costume Film Provides Lovely Star with Fine Opportunity—*"Shadows of Paris," "Twenty-one"* and *"The Yankee Consul,"* Other Pictures of the Week

Reviewed by John W. Vandercook

"YOLANDA"

Marion Davies as a Modern Princess

Presented at the Cosmopolitan Theatre, New York, with a cast including Marion Davies, Lyn Harding, Holbrook Blinn, Maclyn Arbuckle, Ralph Graves, Leon Errol and Gustav von Seyffertitz. Directed by Robert G. Vignola. Settings by Joseph Urban.

One of the fascinations of Miss Marion Davies is, that in no matter what costume or period she is found, she is always one hundred per cent modern. The high-spirited, fun-loving, twentieth-century girl isn't for a moment dimmed by all the piled-up pomp of bygone centuries. The program of "Yolanda" dubs her Princess Mary of Burgundy, chic trouble-maker for Louis XI of France. The audience winks politely, never forgets for a moment the Princess' true identity, and enjoys itself exactly in proportion to its adoration of the vivacious star. Which, of course, is all the average person can possibly ask of an evening.

"Yolanda" serves admirably to display the abilities of its star. In its lengthy reelage she is given every opportunity to preserve that reputation which has been won for her.

Princess Mary, daughter of the powerful Duke of Burgundy, is considered not at all as a human being. She is what one of the self-conscious captions calls a "pawn of empire." The Duke, her father, demands she marry a certain prince. Bound she will have a short fling at life before the serious business of being a wife and monarch begins, the Princess betakes herself down a back stairway to the home of a friendly burgher, a silk merchant, and, disguised as a burgher maid, accompanies him and his family on a journey to a silk fair.

En route two young knights are encountered, and Romance enters on galloping steeds. The most favored of the twain proves to be none other than the Prince whom my lady Princess is booked to wed! She proves his love by making him propose to her as a burgher maid, and all seems well. And then—just to make it harder, the Duke changes his plans and Mistress Mary must be united with the half-wit heir of Louis of France!

It's an awful tangle. So many hearts come so very near to breaking it is quite horrifying—and most interesting.

The settings are by Joseph Urban, working independently. The magnificent castle interiors, throne rooms, banquet halls, etc., are not particularly French, but they are very Joseph Urban. Which is, after all, an improvement.

The costumes, particularly those of Miss Davies, are dazzlingly lovely. An expert accountant would lose track of their number in the first five minutes.

Ralph Graves lends his cheerful and well-poised presence as the young hero, and the supporting cast, made up of the most noted and expensive of stage and screen players, is entirely adequate.

Huntley Gordon is at a disadvantage with Pola Negri. He is her husband. A scene from "Shadows of Paris."

"SHADOWS OF PARIS"

Pola Negri as an Apache Queen

Presented at the Rivoli Theatre, New York, with a cast including Pola Negri, Charles de Roche, Huntley Gordon, Adolphe Menjou, Gareth Hughes and Rose Dione. Produced for Paramount by Herbert Brenon.

Burgher-maid in "YOLANDA"

Pola Negri is the most convincing argument against immigration we know. Time was when Pola toiled in Europe under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch, that no actress on the screen could approximate her in fiery brilliance. She was a personality and a player of Koh-i-noor quality.

Since her arrival upon these gold-plated shores, however, there has been a death in the Negri family. Her talent has expired, breathing heavily. 'Tis first-degree murder, if anything ever was, for we can't find it in our heart to blame it on Pola.

Inefficient direction has quenched her fire until but the feeblest flicker remains. Her curiosuly fascinating beauty has been dimmed by the oily arts of Hollywood, and unnecessary make-up has been administer in weighty blobs.

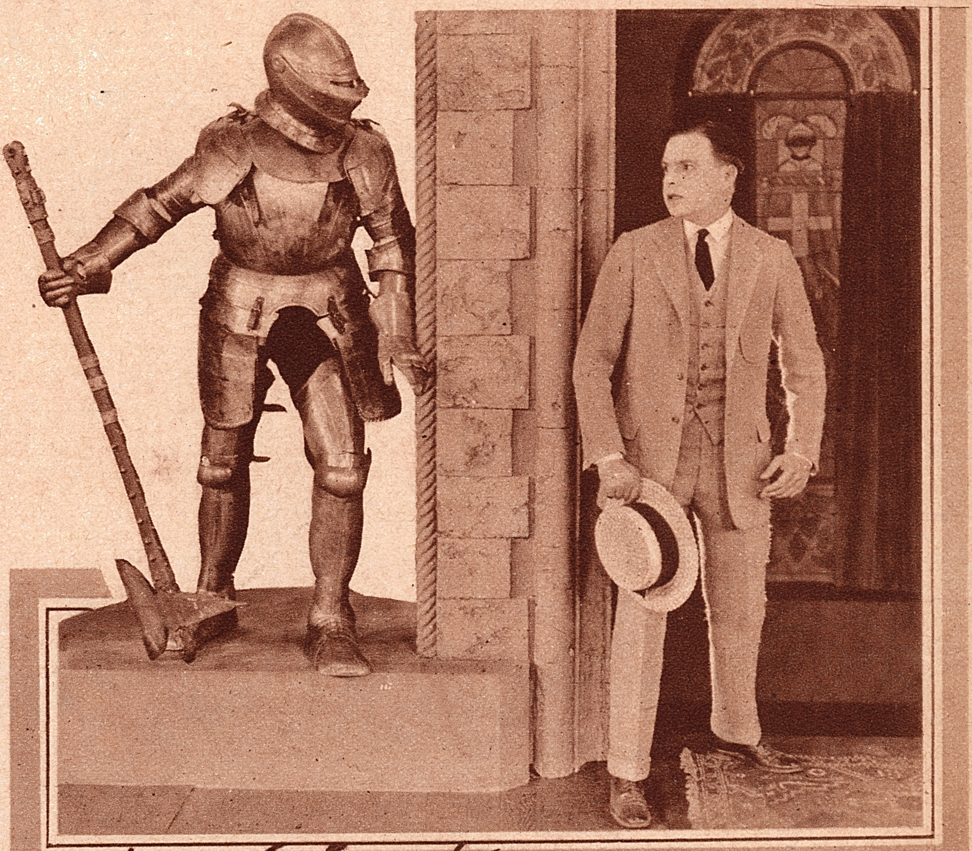
"Shadows of Paris," her latest vehicle, is, for all of that, by far the best American picture the mighty Pola has done. It does provide her with an opportunity for occasional display of those magnificent gifts which won her fame.

"The Blackbird," the title given to a feminine social leader of the Parisian underworld, rises in life on the buoyant crest of successful immorality and eventually weds the Prefect of Police. The spectator chokes loudly, but succeeds in swallowing that morsel.

But the fun has just begun. "The Blackbird" feels the "call" of her old haunts and companions. So, in disguise, she is wont to escape from her wealthy home to consort with the underworld. There is a demi-mondaine lover, the private secretary of her husband, blackmail, raids, bar-room scenes, burglaries, parties and all sorts of odds and ends snatched from the grab-bag of tricks suitable, or nearly suitable, to a film which deals with Paris.

Pola has to do little which is worthy of her. But in one or two instances she glares vividly through, superbly, passionately.

As ordinary screen entertainment, "The Shadows of Paris" is harmlessly satisfying. Our wail is only that it is unworthy of Madame Negri. But then, most things are bound to be.



When knights are so bold as to deliberately come to life, *Douglas McLean* is quite ready to chuck his job as *"The Yankee Consul"*

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

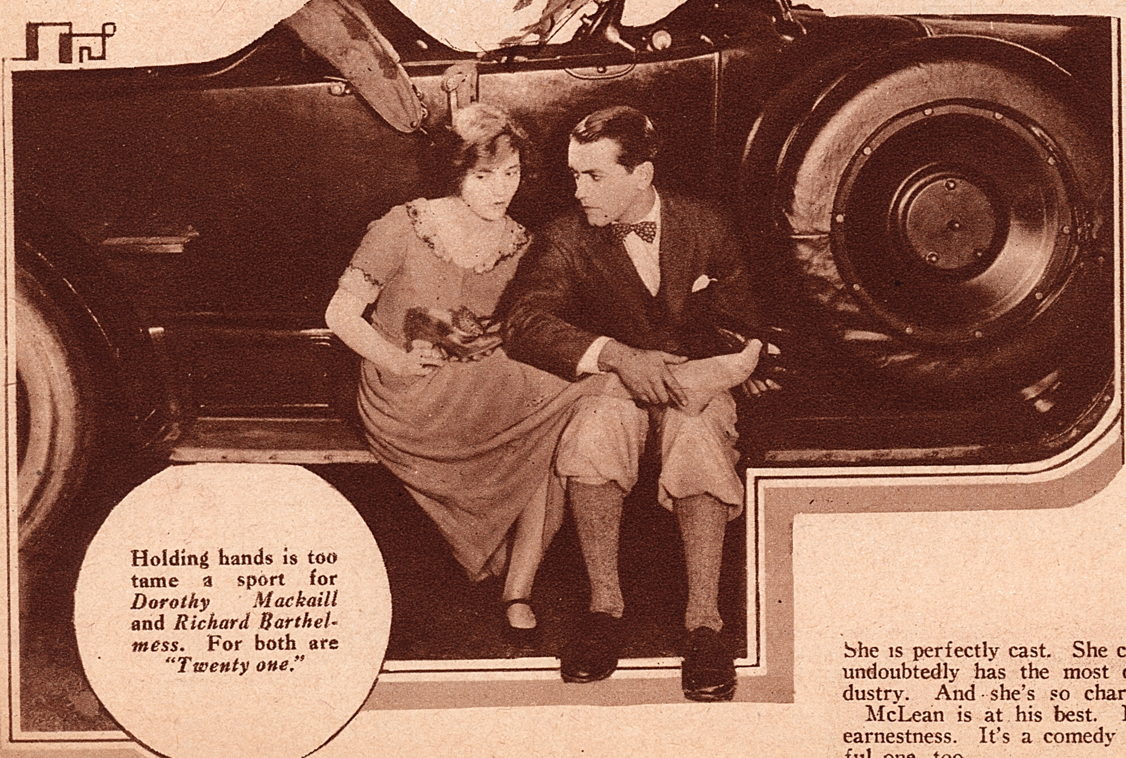
"THE YANKEE CONSUL"

High Speed Fooling with Douglas McLean

Presented at the Central Theatre, New York, with a cast including Douglas McLean, Patsy Ruth Miller, George Periolat and Eulalie Jensen. An Encore Picture.

Douglas McLean takes nothing, including himself, seriously. Nor does he require anything weighty of anyone else. Therefore is he one of the most cheering and relaxing personalities on the screen, and his pictures redletter occasions on the amusement calendar.

"The Yankee Consul," taken from the famous musical comedy of like title, is no exception. If you seek nothing but giggling, gurgling, inconsequential fun, score it deep. It is particularly to be recommended for a Sunday matinee after too generous a dinner. It will shake the stuffiest Sabbatical bad disposition out of you.



Holding hands is too tame a sport for *Dorothy Mackaill* and *Richard Barthelmess*. For both are *"Twenty one."*

What's it about? Heaven knows. As we've said, the story was culled from a musical comedy. That means two things: speed and impossible nonsense. Both are invigorating, especially when presented with the humor and good sense which marks "The Yankee Consul."

A rich young man is weary of life. Like the king in the old fairy tales, nothing can win him from his lethargy. He glooms and glooms. A friend wagers him that if he will go to work for a month his interest in living will return. A period of the wildest adventures commences.

From New York to South America—from bad to worse, the horrified young American is yanked. The mad rush of incidents, intrigues and romantic mysteries is impossible to describe. Naturally, when everything known and unknown has happened, including the timely arrival of the United States Navy, the whole business is pulled apart by those concerned and laughed at.

"Heart interest" is supplied by Patsy Ruth Miller, as the young lady enrolled to win Our Hero from his dullness. She is perfectly cast. She could put pep into Tutankhamen. Miss Miller undoubtedly has the most devastating eyes in the motion picture industry. And she's so charmingly young!

McLean is at his best. He is always in a palpable fake of deadly earnestness. It's a comedy method all his own. And a mighty successful one, too. (Continued on page 29)

The Trail I Struck to HOLLYWOOD

Margey, beautiful, talented, inexperienced, on her arrival in distant Hawaii, found herself involved in a series of adventures which all but cost both life and honor. Between jealousy, love and her ambitions, she found herself caught in a grinding mill of pain and joy . . . But read this, her story, written by HERSELF

"Once I struck a trail to Hollywood, but soon I sang: "The more I see of Hollywood, the better I like New York." MARION DAVIES.

POSSIBLY, if it hadn't been for the fact that Eddie Marsden, my sweetheart, in a moment of jealousy, began to blacken my name in my home town, I might never have achieved my screen ambitions. I would still, perhaps, be standing behind the counter of the five-and-ten.

However . . . he *did* blacken my reputation and I *did* leave home . . . with my mother. In New York I had my share of hardships . . . long weeks of looking for employment, but finally, through the help of Jimmy Mulligan, a policeman who fell in love with me, I got my first job in the studio.

My struggles were by no means over. Work came seldom, but finally I met the man who turned the whole tide of my life. John Barrow, a big producer, offered me the leading role in one of his pictures and we went to Hawaii on location. I was delighted, though my pleasure in the trip was somewhat dampened by the presence of Helene Faverish, a noted actress, who was reported to be having an affair with Mr. Barrow. For, in spite of my knowledge that he was married, as well as years older than myself, I found myself desperately in love with Mr. Barrow.

When we reached Hawaii, I was uncomfortably aware that Miss Faverish felt a jealous hatred for me—so much so that suspicion fell upon her when, one night while we were bathing in the ocean, Jimmy and I were suddenly kidnapped by a group of natives and taken to another island.

Bambe-Bo, the leader of the group, had covetous eyes upon me, while his sister, Laola, fell in love with Jimmy. There was to be a double wedding that night, and, in trying to escape, Jimmy killed Bambe-Bo and his companions. We were then alone on the island with Laola, but our boat had been set adrift and, our escape cut off, we were fearful of what would happen when the rest of the tribe came over in the evening for the wedding. We threw the bodies of Bambe-Bo and his companions into the water.

When the Hawaiians arrived, Laola, to protect Jimmy, succeeded in inventing some explanation for the absence of her brother. We felt, however, that their suspicions were only partially allayed; but it was not until they started off with us in a sailboat that our predicament became really dangerous—because, suddenly, as we floated by, the body of Bambe-Bo rose to the surface of the water.

LAOLA, the native Hawaiian girl who had suddenly and providentially fallen in love with Jimmy Mulligan, set up a wail of despair at the sight of Bambe-Bo's body floating by on the night-shadowed southern seas for the same reason that a terrible fear struck both Jimmy and myself dumb. Laola knew that the finding of her brother dead meant that the natives would wreak a horrible revenge upon us.

By using sticks and oars, the gruesome business of getting Bambe-Bo's body into our sailboat was accomplished. While this business was going on, the other two boats, noticing that we had stopped, cruised up near to us and got the news from the leader. For a few moments the night was filled with savage voices that told us in no uncertain way of the anger which the natives felt toward us.

"They've got the goods on us now, Margery," whispered Jimmy, pressing my arm, as the tall leader came towards us, glowering like a demon filled with hate.

"Don't give up hope, *Margey*," he said in a whisper. "They haven't chucked us over yet."

BAMBE-BO no go home. White man lie. Bambe-Bo dead. White man . . . white girl, die like Bambe-Bo in water. Sharks!" he said, shaking his doubled fists at us.

Sharks!

There was terror in that word for me. I had seen the gray fins of those cruel tigers of the sea cutting the smooth waters of the sea, and had shivered and shuddered at the stories of how they attacked and devoured men as if they had some terrible spite against the human race. The very thought of being cast in their way made me feel sick and faint. I leaned against Jimmy in my fright.

A rumbling of tongues in the boat warned us that the feelings of the Hawaiians over the death of Bambe-Bo, and the belief that his two companions had also been slain by Jimmy, were momentarily nearing the outbreaking point. There was light enough cast by the moon and stars to see the cruel expressions on their faces and in their eyes . . . eyes that glowed with the anticipation of speedy revenge. I feel sure that if the tall leader, whom they called Waumba, had not started to talk to them, the natives would have leaped from their places and thrown us overboard at that moment. But, whatever he had to say seemed to hold their intentions in check for the time being.

When he finished speaking, Waumba turned upon us:

"No enough sharks here," he said, a sinister note in his voice. "Go another place . . . plenty . . . much . . . sharks there. Hungry sharks."

I shut my eyes, not daring to look at the man. Something about his thin, cruel face made me realize what little chance there was of his granting us any mercy. We were doomed to death . . . a death of revenge, and one that would be torture until the last shred of life had been torn from our bodies by the knife-like teeth of ravenous man-eaters.

Laola, hearing Waumba's speech to the muttering natives, began to cry as if her heart was

breaking. Between her sobs she pleaded and pleaded with the leader, but her begging was in vain, for he only made it more pronounced that Jimmy and I were to be thrown overboard when the sailboat arrived at a place which the natives looked upon as a sort of feeding place for the savage fish of the deep.

Through half-closed eyes I saw the other two boats turn about and start off again in the same direction with us. The men and women in them were waving their arms, and making other signs which showed how excited they were over their mission of revenge.

"Jimmy, this is one time there is no possible way to escape," I groaned. "You can't fight them, and if we jump overboard, the sharks will get us just the same."

"Don't give up hope, Margey," he said in a whisper. "They haven't chucked us over yet."

"But what can we do? There isn't a chance!" I said despairingly.

JIMMY and I sat like two stone people as the boat, catching a swiftly rising breeze, rocked along over its new course at what seemed to me to be high speed. The natives calmed themselves as time wore on, and our journey to death became one of terrible silence, except for the swish-swish sound of the water, and the noise of the sails flapping and stretching in the breeze.

Laola remained as close to Jimmy as she could. Her eyes seemed set on some invisible thing off in the night spaces. But her lips, too, were sealed. At last a soft hub-bub from the rear of the boat warned us that the natives were getting ready for some kind of action. The next thing we knew, Waumba took Jimmy roughly by the shoulder.

"Sharks now . . . soon," he said in a stern, even voice.

His words sent shivers up and down my spine. In a flashing moment my whole past life spun itself out before my eyes. I was back in Georgia as a little girl again. I passed through my girlhood days. Then came the night in the garden with Gerald Jackson . . . the days that followed. New York . . . my first picture work.

And then—JOHN BARROW!

Oh, how my heart ached for him as I sat there in the rocking boat, shivering under the terrible eyes of the brown man who was going to send me to my death before I had ever tasted the sweet of John Barrow's love. As for my poor mother, I didn't dare think of her . . . and the misery she must be going through on account of my disappearance.

"I'd give my soul for a pistol, Margey. One good Colt would clean this whole boatload up. But six of 'em are too many for bare fists. However, you can bet they'll have to battle before I go over——"

Waumba cut Jimmy's words short by ordering him to get up.

"What for?" demanded Jimmy, stalling for time.

"Tie hands . . . feet," declared the native, twisting a grass rope in his hands menacingly.

Jimmy got up just as the boat was brought around suddenly. The motion of the turn nearly hurled him to the bottom of the boat. A cry from Waumba's lips cut the night air. As I looked up beyond the sail, I saw the Hawaiian poised uncertainly for a moment against the side of the craft. Then, like a swift shadow, he toppled into the choppy waters.

There was general confusion aboard. The natives jumped out of their places and began to crowd one side of the boat until I thought we would capsize in another moment. Across the gunwale I could see a dark form struggling against the waves. And then countless grey fins began to cut the uneven surface of the water.

"Sharks . . . they are after him!" cried Jimmy excitedly as he leaned over the side. Then I saw Laola tugging at his bare arms. He turned to her. She said something in her own tongue which, of course, he could not understand. But when she pointed to the place where Waumba had been standing, I saw his shoulders tense. My gaze followed her pointing hand. There, in the bottom of the boat, was something shiny, lying beside a huge club.

It was a pistol, dropped, most likely, by Waumba. Jimmy pounced upon the weapon in a flash. I saw Laola, the native girl, lean down and grasp the club. A feeling came over me that something terrible was going to happen. I wanted to shut my eyes, but the sight of Jimmy Mulligan, pistol in hand, and Laola, holding a club, advancing behind the sail to the stern, where six natives were wildly gesticulating and shouting to the desperate Waumba fascinated me.

Suddenly there were barking sounds and spurts of livid fire. Cries of rage and pain rent the air. The sound of struggle came to me and, roused by the knowledge that it was our moment to stave off death from the sharks, I mustered all my nerve and strength and ran back to where Jimmy and Laola were staging a battle against three men. Out of the corner of my eye I saw three more dark forms thrashing about in the sea.

The fight did not last long. Jimmy shot two of the natives, and Laola held off the third with the threat of the club until she and Jimmy were able to charge him and finally shove him overboard. The two natives who had been shot were writhing about on the deck as the man went overboard with a terrible cry. Laola began pushing one of the wounded men to the gunwale, motioning me to do the same to the other.

I bit my lips and touched the man. For a few moments my strength seemed to give out entirely. Then, seeing Jimmy rush to the other side to beat down a Hawaiian who was trying to climb back, I began shoving the man. He fell into the sea, splashing the water in my face. As I saw him sinking beneath the waves, a feeling of nausea spread over me. I fell prone on the bottom of the boat, not daring to look up.

What happened in the next few moments had to be explained to me by Jimmy. It seems that the other two boats were quite far away at the moment Waumba fell into the water, and were just coming up as our little ship was cleared of the natives. Laola, having righted our boat and swung her around into the breeze, was bearing away from the spot of tragedy before the other boats realized just what was going on. We had gained many yards before the others were aware of the fact that we were fleeing. They were delayed by the attempt to rescue their companions long enough to give us a good head start.

When I came to my senses again we were moving along at a fair rate of speed. Neither Jimmy or I had the faintest notion of where we were going, for Laola was managing the boat. To all appearances it seemed as if we were headed into the vast open spaces of the night-veiled sea.

On and on we sailed, praying that nothing would happen to allow the boats behind us to overtake us. We could see them every now and then as a big wave lifted our craft high out of the water. They seemed like dark blurs against the star-strewn horizon.

Gray streaks in the East told of the coming of daylight as our anxious eyes sighted a long low line of land, dead ahead. Laola, shouting with joy, pointed to the land. She shook her head violently, as if she were trying to tell us we were nearing home.

An hour passed, and with its passage came the red sun, whose light, falling across the sea, revealed the outlines of the island and the little port that represented safety to us.

"Thank God!" cried Jimmy, staring at the land and the little town.

"Thank God!" I echoed. With those words I lost consciousness and fell to the bottom of the sailboat.

I FELT like a person who has just returned to familiar places from a long, long journey when I opened my eyes and saw mother bending over me. Her lips moved as I stirred and looked up at her. I did not know just what she was trying to say. But that did not matter. The only thing that really counted was that she was bending over me. I smiled feebly at her, and tried my best to respond to her kisses and caresses.

The doctor would not let me talk at all. In fact, he told me quite frankly that the chances of recovering my strength and health entirely depended upon my keeping very still, and resting both my mind and my body. I would not

(*Continued on page 24*)

John Barrow leaned down over me. For a fleeting second his eyes searched mine.

By Divine Right

If the man you loved were railroaded to prison on a false accusation and you suddenly found yourself living in the home of the person responsible for it all, what would you do? That is the situation Mildred Marsden found herself in in this gripping fictionization of the Film Booking Office's screen version of Adam Hull Shirk's novel "The Way Men Love."

"I always like to read fictionizations of movies because they're usually so UNLIKE the pictures they fictionize." MARION DAVIES.

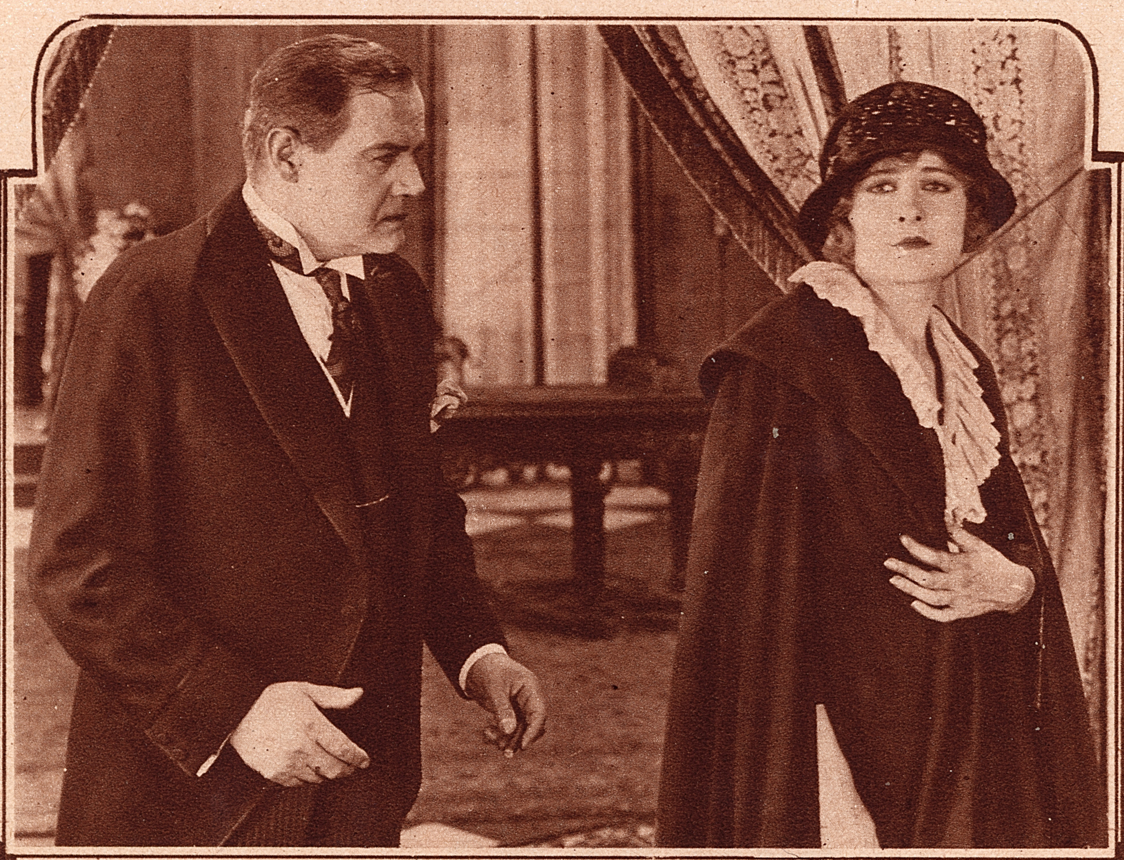
MILDRED lifted her head from her pillow and stared wide-eyed about her. The light of early day revealed the four walls of her bedroom, to which she had come, clad only in her nightgown and a blanket, the night before. The horror of the fire and the astounding arrest of Farrol that had followed even while the mission was in flames, dazed her, and she rose from the bed in which she had only lain since she reached it in early morning, with a feeling of distracted bewilderment.

Farrol's last words, as he placed her in the taxi, after he had carried her down in his arms through the burning building, had been: "Good-bye, Mildred. Be patient, and be brave, my child!"

That was the last she had seen of him. The taxicab had borne her swiftly away and the final picture of Farrol that remained in her mind was of his standing between the policeman and his unknown accuser—the man who had asserted that Farrol had set fire to the mission.

The horrible injustice of the accusation had stunned Mildred. She knew that the charge had its inception in Trent's enmity, just as she had feared, since the morning before, when she had repulsed Trent's advances in his office, that her former employer would cause trouble for her and Farrol.

Farrol's friendship and offer of help coming so late in the afternoon of the preceding day had left a grateful ache in Mildred's heart. His invitation for her to remain at the mission, where he ministered to the people of the slums, had seemed to her like an act of Providence. And then, after the mission's evening service and her retirement to bed, to have it all spoiled by this fire of unknown origin!



What she beheld sent her shrinking, weak and helpless, back against the wall.

MILDRED revolved matters in her mind as she threw back the covers and stood upon her feet. She was certain now, more than ever before, that Trent had instigated the fire and then had the blame for it placed at Farrol's door. It was a horrible thought, but slowly and inevitably she was forced to accept it. Trent had been responsible for it all. She dressed slowly, her mind dwelling on Farrol and the prison he was in. She would go to him, she decided, as soon as it was feasible to stir upon the streets, for she felt that he must be anxiously awaiting word from her, and for her own part she knew that she could not sleep again until she learned just how grave his predicament was. He might be in great danger!

A note was delivered to the house just as Mildred was on the point of leaving. It read briefly: "Come to Rogers Street Jail. I need you. Farrol." And this was all.

No less, however, than Farrol needed her, Mildred concluded, did she need him, for her desire to see again the man who had so generously befriended her was well nigh insurmountable. She left the house at once and took a car to the part of the city where Rogers Street Jail was located—a section not far distant from the ill-fated mission of the night before.

Her heart beat rapidly as she approached the stone edifice. Somewhere within its cold and forbidding interior was Farrol, the man she loved, held behind iron bars. What an outrage it was, what a horrible outrage! An almost insane sense of rage filled her against Trent. It was his work, all of it, she concluded bitterly, and the time would surely come, she felt, when he would pay richly for all of it.

Her name, given to the police lieutenant at the desk at length admitted her past several iron doors to a dark corridor at the far end of which was the cell containing Farrol. Mildred almost cried with grief as she saw her kind benefactor behind bars in his prison cell. He saw her in distress and smiled cheerfully back at her.

"Here, here," he counselled. "Haven't I told you never to let trouble get the better of you. And here you are coming to me with a face a mile long. In another moment I shall scold you for it."

ONLY his words so lightly, yet kindly spoken held Mildred from a flood of tears. Her nerves seemed on the edge of the breaking point, and to weep freely and unrestrainedly would afford her, she knew, the best possible relief in the world. But with Farrol smiling at her so cheerfully and radiating such wonderful strength, she just could not break down. It would not have been fair to him.

"But what are you to do?" Mildred cried anxiously. "You can't stay in jail forever like this! What are we to do?"

Again Farrol smiled.

"Some men have stayed in jail for life, Mildred, child," he retorted. "But I don't fancy I shall."

Mildred found herself twisting her handkerchief nervously.

"But have they sworn you set fire to the mission, Austin?" she queried in a quavering voice. It was the first time she had ever called him by his first name. Now, however, was not a time for conventionalities. She loved him, and she didn't care who knew it. No one, that was, except Farrol himself, was her hasty addition to her thought.

Farrol shook his head gravely, with narrowed eyes. He was wondering at human meanness, human baseness.

(Continued on page 27)

Kosloff's Make-up foils Hold-up

WHISPERS THE FILM FLAPPER

If you want to prevent being held up, just put on a movie make-up. Anyhow, it worked with Theodore Kosloff, according to the statement of that actor himself.

It happened the other night, when Kosloff and Julia Faye, having finished work at midnight in Cecil de Mille's "Triumph," were driving home. Neither had removed the picture make-up. At Western Avenue, a rough-looking man leaped on the running board of Kosloff's car and flashed a light into his eyes. But he took one look at the actor and nearly fell off backward! Kosloff's make-up is dead white, with green about the eyes, and with a blood-red line under the chin! By the time Kosloff had demanded what the man wanted, that worthy had turned pale and, recovering the use of his limbs, had fled.

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Marshal Neilan Has the Last Word

Hobart Henley and Marshal Neilan were discussing a man who, in the interests of science, has gone down to the South Sea Isles to photograph native life in a cannibal section. Henley seemed inclined to under-estimate the dangers, according to Neilan.

"Oh, well," said Henley, "he will be well armed; and what are a few cannibals among friends?"

"You mean," snapped back Neilan, "what are a few friends among cannibals?"

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Betty Blythe to Return to Hollywood

They're "polishing up the handle to the big front door" out at Betty Blythe's home in Hollywood. After three years' absence in New York and Europe, Miss Blythe is to return to California.

"I'm going to be so glad to come home," writes Betty, "and I do hope that they haven't let my roses, cats and canaries die. Especially would I hate to hear one of my cats yowl and feel that was all that was left of Dicky's song!"

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Mack Sennett Sets an Example

Mack Sennett himself went into a cage with the bears, the other day. He admitted he was scared to death, but he did it for the sake of studio morale, he declared.

"You see, my players were getting scared of the bears, because the animals are growing a little older and more surly. I couldn't ask my comedians to do what I couldn't do myself; so I went in and did a scene for the weekly news. It did buck my actors up. They went in, all right, after that. As for me—say, I'll admit I was scared to death!"

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Three Leading Ladies for Rudolph

So Rudolph Valentino is to have three leading ladies in "Monsieur Beaucaire!" And all such beautiful ones, too. No wonder he was willing to return to the screen! Bebe Daniels, Lois Wilson and Helene Chadwick are the ladies in question.

Carmel Myers to Go to Europe

Carmel Myers is looking forward joyfully to visiting Europe with "Ben Hur." She is especially looking forward to Paris and Vienna. Her mother will accompany her, and as Mrs. Myers was born in Vienna and has many relatives there, the visit will be particularly interesting.

"But it will be a little sad, too," explained Carmel. "Mother's people were bankers, and have lost much of their money, just as all other Viennese have. Then, too, some died in the war—but only distant relatives. Mother hasn't seen her sisters, who live in Vienna, since she was a little girl."

Here's *Dorothy Devore*, just getting ready to make a cutting remark. CHRISTIE

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Cupid and Ralph Graves

It is rumored that Ralph Graves, whose wife died a little over a year ago, is to marry again. Nobody knows just who, though. Ralph is flitting from flower to flower, these days.

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Now It's Charlie Chaplin and Estelle Taylor

And Charlie Chaplin is going about with Estelle Taylor nowadays! She says she isn't in the least romantic over Charlie, however.

"He's a wonderful friend, though," declared Estelle. "But I know that he doesn't take me any more seriously than I take him. So we're very comfortable and happy in each other's company."

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Rin-Tin-Tin as a Vaudeville Star

Rin-Tin-Tin, the dog star, has gone into vaudeville. He made his bow-wow at the Orpheum in Los Angeles, and they do say that his bow was a wow!

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Nazimova Builds Herself a New Home

Mme. Alla Nazimova is building a beautiful new home in Hollywood. It is situated right back of her old home on Sunset Boulevard.

And the star is not only designing the house and its decorations, but even took a hand at the actual building, the other day.

"The workmen weren't modeling the corners off softly in the cement, as I wanted them to do—you see, I want the effect of a building mellowed by time, since it is in the Spanish and Italian style of architecture—so I just stepped in, much to the workmen's consternation, I dare say, and moulded some of the cement myself. It was really great fun!"

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Bebe Daniels Has Narrow Escape

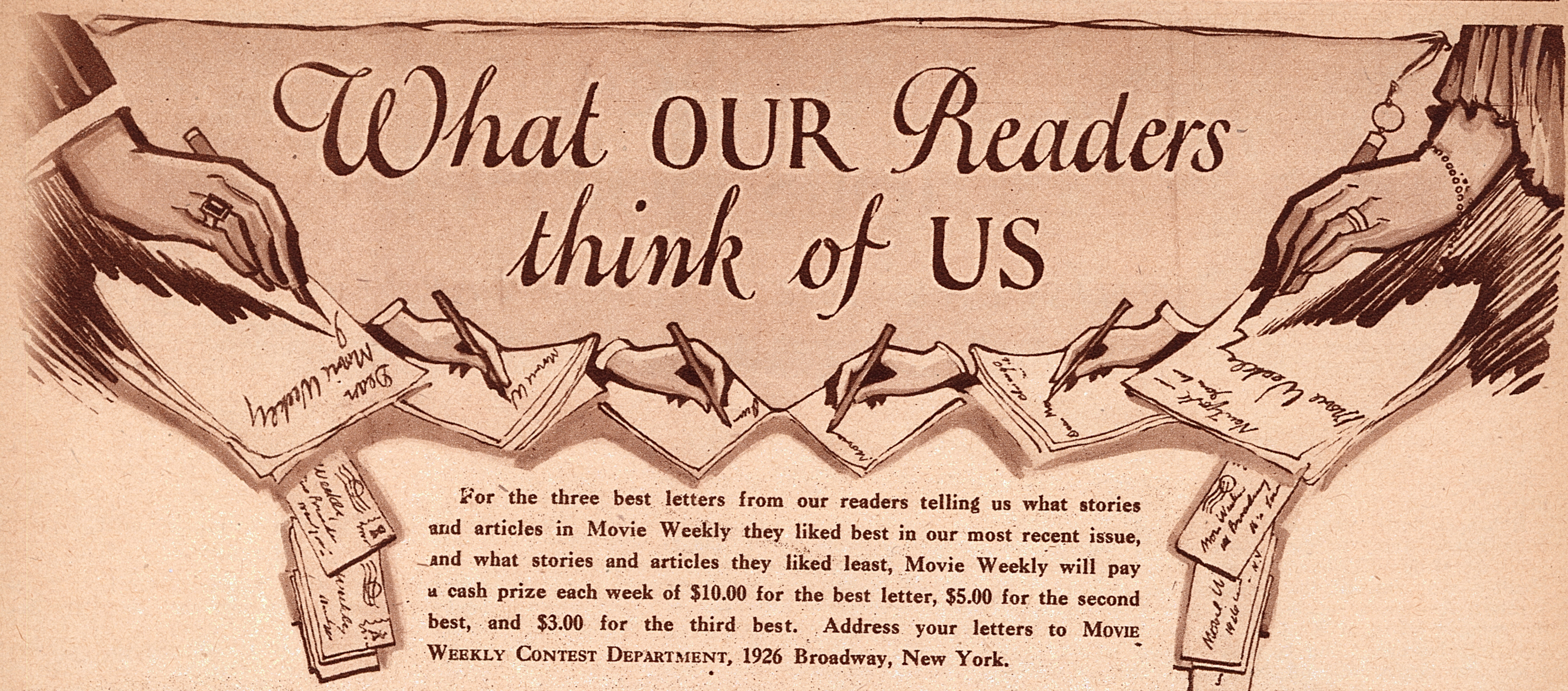
Bebe Daniels had a very narrow escape the other day during the filming of "Monsieur Beaucaire," when her skirt suddenly caught on fire. Sidney Olcott, the director, was the hero in the piece.

It happened at the Famous Players' Long Island studio, when they were filming a mob scene in a long, narrow hallway. Some of the supers were carrying lighted alcohol torches, and one of them slipped and fell. His torch fell under Bebe's dress, a typical panniered court gown of the period of Louis XV. There was serious danger that the dress would catch on fire.

Mr. Olcott, standing nearby, saw the danger and made a flying tackle, football fashion, upon her skirts, beating the flames out, and incidentally, knocking Bebe over.

The scene was a scary occasion for everyone concerned, with Martha Mansfield's death, under similar circumstances, still fresh in mind. Miss Daniels was not hurt, but was quite unnerved from the shock.

It was only Mr. Olcott's presence of mind and speedy action which prevented the accident from becoming much more serious than it was. Fortunately, in saving Miss Daniels, he escaped with no severe burns himself.



What OUR Readers think of US

For the three best letters from our readers telling us what stories and articles in Movie Weekly they liked best in our most recent issue, and what stories and articles they liked least, Movie Weekly will pay a cash prize each week of $10.00 for the best letter, $5.00 for the second best, and $3.00 for the third best. Address your letters to MOVIE WEEKLY CONTEST DEPARTMENT, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

Your invitation for criticism is rather an exceptional thing for editors of a magazine. It's just another proof that you are in good faith, that you really want us to consider it our very own. You treat the readers as human beings, not as children to be stuffed with sugar-coated versions of the movie world. You face facts, such as Wallie Reid's illness and Mabel Normand's presence at a shooting and, at the same time, are unusually fair to the persons in question.

So much for your editorial policy. As for what I like best—it's those bits of gossip about the stars and plans of production, that draw me right into the circle of the screen world. I should like to see these bits all together on two pages or more instead of being scattered all over the book. Have at least two pictures of screen people in informal poses on these pages. It adds to the feeling of friendliness. And please always have one page of pictures taken from some beautiful movie.

Another thing I would like to suggest is that you keep a regular fashion and beauty department. I want to stress that "regular," because it is for the things they can depend on their having that people buy magazines. For the fashions you might have a page of screen stars in clothes that are not too flashy or impractical to give style hints to the girl readers. On a page devoted to beauty, you could have half devoted to beauty hints, while on the other half you could have different stars tell how they keep fit.

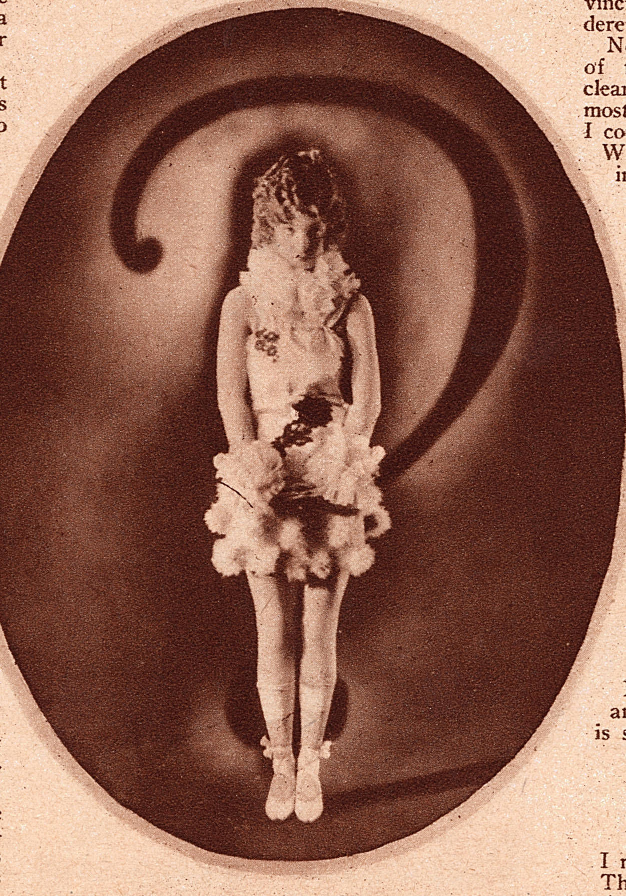
You asked, also, what we didn't like. I, personally, greatly dislike your stories. They are, to put it mildly, very, very trashy. In them the girl always succeeds in the movie world, etc. Is not that giving a false impression to the impressionable ones who may read it? Please have only one story and let that be a beautiful human one. The continued story of one of the pictures—"The White Sister," for instance.

There's one peculiar thing I notice about the Movie Weekly. You headline certain people—Valentino, Mary Pickford, etc. You devote pages to them at the expense of giving us interviews with other people, too. Or else you take some newcomer, such as Netta Westcott and Ruby Miller, who have appeared so little that the fans do not know nor care about them. If they are to get recognition, let it be through the merit of their work and not through unearned publicity. I should like to see you steer a middle course. As we all love Rudy and Mary, we want to hear from them occasionally, but there are many stars who are not quite idolized, but of whom we fans like to hear. Corinne Griffith, Anna Q. Nilsson, Conway Tearle, Buster Keaton and many others.

If you ever interview these, it's always to headline some irrelevant thing they said, as though they were authorities on life, instead of giving us a picture of their personalities.

Another suggestion I wanted very much to make is the return of Irma the Ingenue. And I think it would be nice to write up a real romance of the stars every week.

CORINNE MILLER.



Peggy O'Day is all puffed up.

EVANS

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

In reply to your open invitation extended to the readers of Movie Weekly to act as associate editors, I will attempt to voice my comments on the snappiest photoplay weekly in print. The criticism essayed will be my truthful opinions, unbiased and non-partisan.

As a whole, Movie Weekly is beyond reproach, and is a fair and square representative of pictures and its exponents. The staff writers are truthful and fearless, their articles snappy and interesting. Such a contributor as Mr. Fulton Oursler is invaluable to the weekly, and a stalwart champion of moviedom's favorites. Give us more of him. His article asking fair play for Miss Normand was indeed noble and touching, and a more convincing denunciation of those bigots and slanderers was never written.

Now I wish to express certain little criticisms of the magazine. This weekly publishes fine, clear-cut photographs of stars and scenes that are most valuable for scrapbooks, but, alas—and here I come to one unpardonable fault.

Why do you persist in running one photograph into another?

Again, I have noticed many fine pictures vitiated by the trespassing hand of the staff artist, who allows his pretty designs to encroach upon the photograph. Keep the stills separated from one another so that an actress' hand does not adorn an actor's elbow or shoe. The most vital of my comments is in regard to certain stories that are appearing serially in your publication.

I have a strong objection to these tales as stories of that sort tend to disseminate a belief that a "screen chance" is impossible to the girl aspirant unless she is willing to act "sensible" towards some loose-moralled film executive. Cut that kind of stuff out! Even if it is the truth, we do not care to be aware of it, because it casts doubt upon the honor of our capable and respectable directors and stars who have enjoyed sensational promotions to stellar heights. We want to admire them, not suspect them!

Movie Weekly stands for all that is sincere and honorable, therefore give us only that which is sincere and honorable.

THEODORE A. BAXT.

This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

I read Movie Weekly for several reasons:

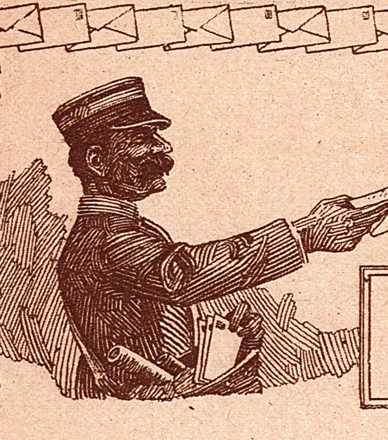
The topics covered in the magazine touch the main centers of moviedom, and are written in an easy, readable style. If I am pressed for time, I can run through the magazine quickly and get a very clear angle on the movie situation.

Specific dislikes:

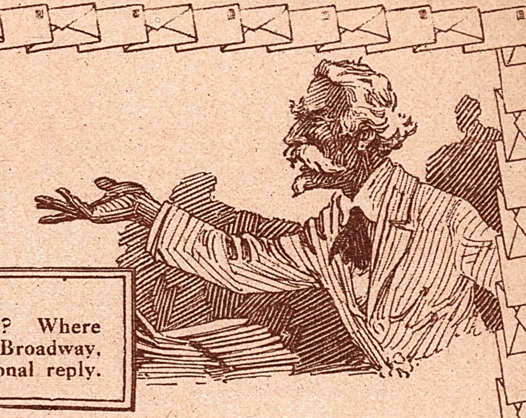
The picture of Betty Compson on the cover. I cannot understand why movie people think that the public wants to look at half or three-fourths naked women. Refined, mature persons who enjoy the movies do not care for such things. Neither do young boys and girls.

"What Marriage Means to Me," is prosy, though the subject is a good one.

(*Continued on page 27*)



Girl Is Just Wild About Kenneth!



ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

D. J. R.—Good news for you! Your letter was awarded the third prize on last week's fan page. If you will write me your address, I will see that the check is sent you. Anna Q. Nilsson lives at 1945½ Argyle St., Hollywood. I don't know where Tom Mix took his scenes for "North of Hudson Bay," but I imagine it was right in California somewhere.

WI HI STUDENT—So you're just wild about Kenneth? Mr. Harlan lives at 1327 Le Moyne St., Los Angeles.

MISS M. A. THOMAS—Bad news! Charles Jones is married and lives at 1954 Crasena Drive, Los Angeles. He has brown hair and grey eyes.

R. V. FAN—Rudolph shouldn't mind hot weather; he has so many fans. His real name is Rodolfo dei Marchesi Guglielmi. Malcolm MacGregor is twenty-six. Alice Terry is now abroad playing in "The Arab."

PRINCESS PAT—So you imagine I am the most popular man on Broadway? I wish you could convince the waiters of that. Sessue Hayakawa has quit the screen entirely and I've no idea where he can be reached. Conway Tearle is forty-two years old and is married to Adele Rowland. Write him at 6912 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. Carlyle Blackwell has been playing in pictures abroad for several years, and Lillian Walker and Billy Mason have long since dropped out of the movie world.

A READER OF THE MOVIE WEEKLY—How specifically you identify yourself. Eileen Sedgwick was born in Galveston, Texas, about twenty-five years ago. Rudolph is now busily at work on "Monsieur Beaucaire."

I. C. U.—I. C. U. has a much pleasanter sound than I. O. U. has, don't you think? Ramon Novarro was born in Mexico, of one of the old Spanish families there. Yes, he is a decided brunette. I think you can get his picture free of charge; write him at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood.

MISS ISS IPPI—So Louise Lorraine is your pet? She is Mrs. Art Acord. She was born in San Francisco in 1901; she has black hair and brown eyes.

AN ADMIRER OF GEORGE O'HARA—George has been having so many admirers lately that if they were laid end to end they would reach as far as—well, anyway, they would reach somewhere, provided they would consent to be laid end to end. He is in his early twenties, is five feet eight inches tall, has blond hair and blue eyes and is not married.

THE MYSTERIOUS ELEVEN YEAR OLD GIRL—If I answer these questions, you'll let me answer more of your questions. Don't tell me you have still more of them in your system! Jack Daugherty is twenty-seven and is married to Barbara La Marr. Warner Baxter is married to Winifred Bryson and Hoot Gibson to Helen Johnson. Pola Negri's latest picture is "Shadows of Paris." There, that's enough answers for one little girl at one sitting. It wouldn't do for you to know too much.

"Sittin' in a corner, all by herself"—that's *Priscilla Dean Moran*, in *"Daddies."*

MABEL—So I seem such a kind man? Yes, but what kind? Lew Cody lives at 1979 Grace Ave., Los Angeles.

I. M. KURIOUS—That's just what the cat said before curiosity killed her. George Walsh was rather inactive in movies for awhile, but he has been quite busy lately. He played with Mary Pickford in "Rosita," and is now working in "Ben Hur." He lives at 1334 Harper Ave., Los Angeles.

ANN THE BALL PLAYER—So you just adore Bebe Daniels? You're not alone in your adoration. Write her at the Lasky Studio, Astoria, L. I. Her latest picture is "The Heritage of the Desert." Write Norma Talmadge at 1540 Broadway, New York.

MISS BLONDIE—Of course I'd miss Blondie, if she went away—but don't you do it! Tom Mix lives at 5841 Carlton Way, Hollywood. He is forty-four and is married to Victoria Forde. He has been on the screen about six years.

AN ADMIERR—What county in California is Hollywood located, you ask. Well, I may be able to answer a few questions about picture stars, but I'm not a geographical expert. I suppose it's in Los Angeles County, if there is such a county. Ivor Novello is English.

X. Y. Z.—Thanks for the valentine, and also for the sentiment "To the Most Polite Man in the World." That's what I get for reading the etiquette book once when I was young.

PLAIN JANE—Plain or fancy, it's all the same to me. Since "Enemies of Women," William Collier, Jr., has played in "Pleasure Mad" and "My Mamie Rose." He was born in New York and is not married.

A. C. C.—Thanks for the good wishes. I need them. Lois Wilson and Richard Dix are both working at the Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island. However, Richard's mail the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Richard was born in St. Paul, Minn. His next picture will be "The Stranger."

JOHN MILES—You're a little late with your crush on Mary Miles Minter. She is no longer playing in pictures; that is why Movie Weekly has not had any new photographs of her.

ALICE L.—So you think Harold Lloyd should have married Bebe Daniels? It was most unobliging of them not to accommodate you, wasn't it? I never heard of Ranger Bill Miller. Is he some new cowboy you're springing on me? Hedda Hopper's address is 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles. Hazel Deane lives at 5817 Virginia Ave., Hollywood, and Patricia Palmer at 2324 Beachwood Drive, Los Angeles.

BROWN-EYED ANN—Thomas Meighan's address is Lasky Studio, Astoria. Mary Pickford lives at Pickfair, Beverly Hills, Cal.

GOOD-LOOKING — So you're puzzling your pretty head over the answers to your questions? Why don't you join one of the puzzle societies? Kenneth Harlan is American and Marie Prevost is a Canadian. Bebe Daniels is American of Spanish descent. No, she has never been married.

LITTLE JOE FROM BOSTON—Sure, send me a kiss; I have a special drawer where I keep all the kisses people send me. Richard Dix is thirty and has brown hair and eyes. See A. C. C. Richard is going to edit an issue soon.

LORRAINE B.—Charles Jones' hobby is horseback riding. His picture was printed in Movie Weekly for March 24, 1923.

PINKY—Agnes Ayres is divorced from Frank Schusker.

A NUT AND AN NUT—Why didn't you just say "A couple of nuts" and make it shorter? Anna Q. Nilsson doesn't give her age. She is five feet seven and weighs 135.

MISTINGUETTE — William Russell is divorced from Charlotte Burton. His address is Los Angeles Athletic Club.

BEAUTY—Shirley Mason's two sisters are Viola Dana and Edna Flugrath. Huntley Gordon was the leading man in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." Kathlyn Williams played the mother in "Trimmed in Scarlet," and Lucille Ricksen the dauchter.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

The Trail I Struck to Hollywood

(Continued from page 19)

have cared so much about this if it had not been for the insistent urge in my heart to see John Barrow once more.

Mother told me that Jimmy was being kept in bed under the physician's orders because of his exhausted condition, following the many fights he had gone through with the natives.

"That little native girl, Laola, is at his bedside every minute. It is right pathetic to watch her. Poor Jimmy is in such a condition he does not quite realize what is going on around him. Mr. Barrow asks for you continually, and he has been almost as distracted as myself since you disappeared so mysteriously. Of course, we thought you were drowned, my darling . . . No, don't try to talk back. Wait until you are stronger," she warned me as I started to speak.

BUT there was a question on my mind that would not wait until my strength returned for an answer. Against her wishes, I asked where Miss Faverish was.

"Why, here, of course. She's a mighty fine woman, Margery. All the time during my darkest moments she has been with me, trying to help in any way she can," answered my mother.

Her words had the effect of satisfying my curiosity, which had been aroused by Jimmy during our captivity on the island, when he said that maybe Helene Faverish was responsible for the conspiracy against us. At that time I had discounted the idea, but still it had remained in the back of my thoughts until mother told me about what the actress had done for her.

"Of course, I was silly to even pay any attention to Jimmy's suspicions. Miss Faverish couldn't have stayed around and watched my mother's grief if she had been the cause of it. She is not that kind of a woman," I told myself.

"Helene Faverish will make a mighty fine wife for Mr. Barrow——"

My mother's words went through me like a knife. I am sure she noticed their instantaneous effect on me.

"Why, child, is there anything the matter? Are you feeling worse?" There was deep anxiety in mother's voice as she sprang from her seat and leaned over me.

"No . . . that is . . . just as you spoke, I happened to remember some of the terrible things we went through. They just made me start, that's all," I lied. You see, I didn't dare let her know the truth about my own love for the great producer who was going to give me a chance to achieve my movie ambitions in the production which he called his "dream picture."

I could not stop the torture in my heart that followed in the wake of her words. Mother would not have made such a statement unless there was some good reason for her to believe that Miss Faverish and Mr. Barrow were going to get married.

What was the reason?

This question burned its way through my mind. But I did not dare ask mother about it. She would be too suspicious of my intense interest. Of course I knew they could not get married in a hurry because Mr. Barrow was already married, and there would have to be a divorce. But, the very idea disconcerted me.

IT IS a wonder my vitality ever returned on account of the way I worried in my secret heart about the possibility of John Barrow marrying the beautiful star. I suppose it was because I had a very strong constitution and had never been really sick in all my life that I pulled through in a few days and was given permission by the doctor to talk.

Mr. Barrow, mother, Miss Faverish, Rodney and the doctor were allowed to hear what I had to say. Also there was a government official present and a stenographer who took down all of the things I said. My first question was to ask about Jimmy Mulligan.

It was Mr. Barrow who answered me. And his voice set my whole being to thrilling. I looked up from my pillow at the sound of his words. In that moment the room seemed to become empty of everyone except him. A mist came into my eyes. Through the tears my eyes looked into his.

"Jimmy is still confined to his bed, but the doctor thinks he will be all right in a day or so," said Mr. Barrow. The doctor nodded his head at these words.

I gave them as clear an account of our terrible experience as I could. When I finished, the government official said he had never before heard of such a bold and brazen thing happening in the islands.

"The natives have been known to do many things for revenge. But it is unbelievable that they would attempt such a crime as this, knowing that in the long run, their discovery would be inevitable. This man you describe as Bambe-Bo has been in several scrapes in the islands. It will not be very difficult for us to trace down his accomplices and ascertain from them the real motive behind their daring abduction."

Unconsciously, almost, I looked over at Miss Faverish as he said these words. It seemed to me that she blanched a trifle at the official's statement. And, also, I thought, a look of fright was upon her face. But in that moment I could not be too sure of myself, and I tried to say that after all it was only my imagination at work.

Shortly after this, everybody left the room except mother and Mr. Barrow. I noticed that Helene Faverish waited until the last, and did not appear to want to go. But I attritbuted that to the fact she did not want to leave John Barrow.

"I just want to tell you, Margery," began Mr. Barrow, "that I personally do not intend to leave this place until we have tracked down this entire affair and seen the guilty ones punished. So we are likely to be here many days longer. All that you are to think of is taking care of yourself and getting your full strength back, for you will need it in making this picture."

"I never once forgot the picture during all of the trouble and excitement," I broke in, wanting to assure him of my unflagging interest in the picture. Of course this was not exactly true, because I had lost sight of movie ambitions when the shadow of death was upon me. But I couldn't tell him that I had not forgotten him for one moment, and so I thought it would be all right to let him know in this other way that he and the picture had been on my mind.

Someone knocked at the door. My mother went to see who was there. In that moment, when her back was turned, something wonderful happened to me. John Barrow leaned down over me. For a fleeting second his eyes searched mine. They seemed to look right down into my soul. Then his lips touched mine. I knew, in that moment, that I should never forget that kiss, even in eternity.

It was all over just as quickly as a flash, for my mother turned around and called him away.

"You are wanted, Mr. Barrow," she said. The man who owned my heart and soul walked over to the door, leaving the imprint of his kiss on my lips to remind me of the one great fact that seemed to count above everything—that I loved him beyond life itself.

When he came back in the room a few moments later, his face was drawn and pale.

"I must go at once. They want me over at the Consul's office. I think they have some news already about . . . about your experience," he said. Taking his hat off a chair, he held out his hand to me and said "Good-bye."

"What do you think made Mr. Barrow look so worried and pale, mother?" I asked, when the door closed.

"I do not know, child. Whoever came to see him must have told some very grave news," was the only satisfaction she could give me.

IT WAS late afternoon of the same day, that the doctor allowed me to tell my story, when Helene Faverish came back to see me. She brought some native wild flowers with her, and asked mother to put them in a vase near my bed. For all of her sweetness, the star gave me the impression of being under some terrible strain. She could hardly sit still more than a few minutes at a time, and when she did, her speech came jerkily, and she persisted in twisting her hands until I became very nervous myself.

"How did they ever get you away from us without our knowing it, is more than I can understand," she said. "Why Rodney and I were very near you, and we did not hear or see a thing."

A silence came over both of us for a few moments. I could not make up my mind whether or not I wanted to tell her that Jimmy and I had discussed that very same idea.

"And also," she continued, "we were with you that night when the fight went on down the beach after those four natives insulted us. We were as much to blame as you and Jimmy. I can't understand why they picked you two out to get their revenge."

"Once while we were on the island waiting to see what our Fate was going to be, Jimmy remarked the same thing to me. He said it was mighty strange we were singled out . . . and, Miss Faverish," I lowered my voice, "here is something I never thought to tell this morning, for it didn't appear very important in my mind. But it may be very important, after all."

"What's that?" demanded the woman nervously.

"We found a great deal of American money in the camp on the island that Bambe-Bo kept Jimmy in before he broke away and killed Bambe-Bo," I said, watching her face like a hawk.

Either she was a mighty fine actress, or the finding of the money meant nothing to her way of thinking, because Miss Faverish didn't change her expression at my words.

"What make you feel there was something important about finding the money? Hawaiians often have a few hundred dollars in American money. They either steal it or get it in some roundabout way," she stated.

I was unable to give her any more reason for my attaching importance to the discovery of money at Bambe-Bo's island camp than the belief that he had received it from someone who gave it to him for some criminal service. I did not dare tell her that Jimmy had hinted that she was jealous of me and wanted to get me out of the way.

"You may be very right, my dear, in that. Most likely the brown skinned devil did earn the money by his evil ways," declared Miss Faverish, much to my surprise.

Again a silence fell between us. It was she who broke it by asking me if I would not like to sit up in the window and watch the sun setting upon the sea. Tired of bed, I decided to get up. She made me very comfortable in a chair by the window.

"It is beautiful," she murmured, "isn't it?"

I was just about to answer when a piteous wail

(Continued on page 31)

Would You Like to be One of Our Editors?

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

You know, it used to be said that a woman always read the last part of a book first.

When you read Movie Weekly, do you ever stop and think which page you first turn to and which page, after all, you have enjoyed the most?

Movie Weekly wants its readers to write and tell just what stories or articles they liked best in the most recent issue, and why; just what stories or articles they liked least, and why; and just how Movie Weekly can be improved so that its thousands of friends all over the world who read Movie Weekly will enjoy it more.

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Send for FREE Style Book

The Love Affairs of a Movie Actor

(*Continued from page* 15)

about, anyway? It's my money, isn't it? I got it. And I'm blowing you, see? I never knew anybody who went to jail could be so particular."

I looked at her, thinking it was for the last time. "Go and spend your money, Molly," I said. "I guess we'd better say good-bye now. I'm afraid we have different ideas. So long and good luck!"

I tugged off my hat, and then, turning, went down the street in the opposite direction. Her face, with its twisted prettiness, had taken on a look of pride as I spoke, and leaving her, I recollected the story she had told me the night before. After all, I said to myself, she had perhaps been pretty much responsible for her own downfall. She hadn't any moral sense whatsover. It was just one more shame in a world full of sorry things.

Then I heard footsteps close behind me. And a voice said pleadingly, tremulously:

"Oh, Hal, come back, won't you? I didn't mean anything, honest I didn't. I say things like that. You've got to forgive me. I—I won't use the money if you don't want me to. But it was partly for your sake, too, that I asked for it. I thought you'd like it."

I had turned, and I saw her standing there in front of me with a helpless, woeful air. Her eyes weren't far off from tears. And looking at her, I realized the injustice of my thoughts about her only the moment previous. She had in her face that simple sweetness that makes for eternal self-sacrifice, and I saw now that she really had been dragged down into misery and wretchedness through the lovable qualities of her character, through her kindliness and sympathy and self-immolation.

I made haste to make amends. I took her hands in mine, and the quick smile that fluttered to her lips was more than sufficient reward.

"I'm sorry, too," I said. "And we won't quarrel any more, Molly. As for the money, since you have it already, we might as well use it. Only don't let's do that again. I'll find other ways, little girl."

ALL at once she flushed and looked down. "I—I said I couldn't ever love you or anyone else," she faltered, and paused.

I knew what she was trying to say now, and looking at her, a sense of her frailty and warmth swept over me. I couldn't define her attractions, but they were there. So, in that grey morning, with hardly more than a few words between us, as we looked into each other's eyes, we made a silent compact—the compact in which man demands and woman surrenders and is the oldest thing in the world.

I was far from thinking that in less than half an hour I should be witness to a tragedy, and would never see Molly Shane again!

We walked on together now, and we had little farther to go when we saw the shape of an all-night Owl Wagon on one side of the street. By mutual but silent agreement we proceeded to cross towards this. As we did so, a bulky figure, a man, loomed suddenly out of a doorway in front of us. His eyes flickered over Molly and passed on, searchingly, to me.

Apparently he was satisfied, for he dropped his gaze indifferently. But Molly's fingers tightened on my arm.

"Did you see him?" she whispered. "That's a plain-clothes man. Yes, a detective! I can spot them a mile off."

Climbing into the Owl Wagon, I forgot the detective completely, and as I was hungry, I was glad to refresh myself with the coffee and rolls which Molly's disputed quarter purchased for us. We had the place to ourselves except for the sleepy youth back of the counter, who was making a show of polishing some glasses with a towel that had known better days.

It was when I had taken a final gulp of coffee that I heard the sliding-door creak back to give access to a newcomer. Vaguely I noted his big build, with heavy features, alert light eyes, and a somewhat brutal, protruding lip. As Molly's back was directly towards the door, she did not see the new arrival.

He sat down on a stool at the farther end, and rasped out his order in an ugly voice. At the same instant I noticed that the roll Molly was carrying to her lips was suspended in mid-air, and the hand that held it trembled. Slowly, very slowly, she turned her gaze sideways until at last she could get a good look at the man who had spoken. She gave a little start, but that was all. She uttered no sound. For his part the man was equally speechless, gazing at her with an impudent grin, disclosing bad teeth as he did so. His eyes traveled on towards me, and he frowned.

Then, with an inarticulate sound, Molly touched my arm and jumped for the door. Perplexed, I followed her. In an instant we were outside.

"It's Rob!" she gasped. "Rob Sylvester! I knew where we were this morning, but I wasn't sure! I know now! Why, look there, even!"

Where she pointed I saw a huge sign, "Jersey City Pharmacal Company," and then I, too, understood. The train that was headed south had switched onto other tracks during the night and gone *north* instead! We were in Jersey City, the one place Molly Shane wished most to avoid! It seemed to me then that some evil and ironic Fate had refused to give her any chance of escape.

But I put the thought aside. After all, we could get out of Jersey City. And only a few moments ago I had been led to believe that she could come to care for me. Then I looked at her. Her face seemed suddenly haggard, and her eyes that stared at me fixedly never saw me. The truth of her story came home to me again: the man, with his brutality and cruelty, acted upon her like a spell. Somehow I knew there was no hope.

The next moment Sylvester himself stumbled from the doorway, his glance traveling towards us. What happened afterwards happened so swiftly that I have no words to tell it. Events followed each other with such speed for the next two minutes, and with such unguessed results, that I had difficulty afterwards in recalling how they came about.

All I know is that as Rob Sylvester descended the steps of the Owl Wagon, glancing towards us, the detective we had seen skulking about a few minutes earlier, appeared across the street.

"Sylvester!" he shouted. "I want you!"

Sylvester turned quickly. The smile whipped from his face. He sped like a hare down the street, and turned into a dark alleyway. Before I well knew what was happening, Molly fled after him. I gave a shout and followed her. The alleyway was nearer all three of us than to the detective, and we gained it panting. Then I saw that it led squarely up to a blank wall, and that it was only a trap!

Sylvester hung back, breathing deep, facing the street. The next moment the detective appeared at the opening. He held a revolver in his hand. "Come out of there!" he yelled.

Sylvester's fingers stole towards his pocket, and simultaneously the plain-clothes man threw out his weapon and took deliberate aim. There was a wild cry. Molly Shane threw herself in front of her lover, the man who had misused her, just as the shot rang out. She stumbled down to the earth, blood on her lips.

I THINK a kind of madness came over me so that I no longer knew what I was doing. I swung my arm back and struck at the plain-clothes man, landing him squarely upon his chin, so that he stumbled and fell back. He lay silent, and for an instant I wondered whether by some freak blow I had actually killed him. Then I heard him groan a little. Past me, a big form raced for the alleyway, and slipped up the street. Rob Sylvester was gone.

I stooped to the poor girl and lifted her in my arms.

"Molly!" I whispered. "Speak to me, Molly!"

Her eyes opened and, pathetically, a wan little smile crossed her lips.

"I'm all right," she said with difficulty, "though I'm—I'm dying. Better leave me, Hal! They'll be after you, on account of that pistol shot. Made a mess of things . . . but I'm glad . . . I was able to do that for Rob!"

A little shudder ran through her body, and I knew then that she was dead, gone from the world with no record of that final sacrifice she had made so willingly.

I laid her down as tenderly as I could. There was nothing more for me to do, nothing I could do. But I think there were tears in my eyes as I slipped out of the alleyway, and made my way

(*Continued on page* 27)

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By Divine Right

(Continued from page 20)

"Three men, Mildred," he said, "have sworn they saw me with a can of kerosene in my hand setting fire to the mission. It was well insured and curiously the insurance happened to be in my name. I've run everything down there pretty much in my own way because I built the thing up as a place of worship and a center of recreation from an empty slum building. But the fact that the insurance was in my name constitutes a black mark against me. It's brought the insurance companies down upon my head like a pack of hungry wolves. I don't know how it is all going to work out, but you know, as I told you before, no one can harm us but ourselves. Right is a tremendous and invincible force that nothing can conquer.'"

"I have here, Mildred," Farrol said, "the address of a mission where I think you can find work. A Mr. Holmes is in charge. I'm going to give you the directions for getting there with a note from me that will tell him who you are."

He tore out a sheet of the notebook and wrote rapidly upon it for a moment in silence. Then he handed her the sheet folded, which she took and placed in her handbag.

"It will help you, I'm sure," he murmured with another smile, "and until I'm about again I don't want you to worry, but to remember that Right is an invincible force."

It was cold comfort for Mildred, try as she might to view it otherwise. She remained with Farrol a while longer and then, bravely choking back the tears, she said good-bye with a smile.

LATER that day, Mildred called at the address Farrol had given her and was pleasantly received by a Mr. Holmes. There was indeed an opening there for her, Mr. Holmes, a round-faced man of fifty told her, and she might come on the morrow and take up her duties. Thus it was that Mildred, for the second time, found herself indebted to Farrol, a man who, up to twenty-four hours previously, she had never even dreamed existed.

The days that followed were happy ones for Mildred. Her salary at the mission was not large, but it was enough for her to live on, and the work itself was a source of constant delight to her. Various society women were interested in the work, and Mildred found herself drawn toward one in particular whose name, oddly enough, happened to be the name of her late and rascally employer. Mrs. Trent was a cultured woman with a remarkably sweet nature, and she took an instant liking to Mildred. Engaged as they were in their joint work of salvaging humanity, they found themselves drawn together, at first from mutual interests and later from mutual liking.

"Where do you live, Miss Marsden?" Mrs. Trent asked her suddenly one day.

Mildred laughed gaily.

"Oh, my home is a modest furnished room," she replied, "only more modest than furnished," she added with a smile.

A sudden thought of Farrol, who was still in prison awaiting his trial, assailed Mildred, wiping the smile from her face.

"Why I asked," Mrs. Trent continued, "was that I'd like to have you come out and make your home in my house. My husband is away a great deal, and to tell you the truth, I'm hungry for a little real companionship. You'll come, won't you?"

It wasn't a hardship for Mildred to consider going; she loved nice things and she'd have loved to live amid nice surroundings.

"I'll tell you," she said finally, "I'll come and stay with you frequently over a week-end."

Mrs. Trent got up instantly.

"That's splendid!" she cried. "You'll go out with me now."

That evening, in the Trent home, Mildred and Mrs. Trent dined alone and Mildred understood just why it was that the woman wanted her company there.

About nine o'clock, Mrs. Trent left Mildred to go upstairs to kiss her little baby girl good night. Alone in the drawing-room, Mildred gazed about her at all the visible tokens of luxury and wished sincerely that the day might come when she could have a home as comfortably luxurious as this.

Suddenly a key turned in the lock of the outer door and the heavy figure of a man appeared in the dim light of the outer hall. Instinctively, Mildred felt this to be Mrs. Trent's husband. She sat where she was until the person who had entered stepped into the room and crossed to her chair. As he did so, she rose and half turned toward him. What she beheld sent her shrinking, weak and helpless, back against the wall. Her hostess' husband was none other than "Black Jack" Trent, her former employer.

Alone in the house of a woman she liked, with her husband, whom she hated, stood Mildred Marsden. And back of her—like a shadowy spectre—stood Farrol, behind prison bars, and placed there by Trent himself. What was she to do? The next gripping instalment tells. On the newsstands Thursday.

What Our Readers Think of Us

(Continued from page 22)

Things I like:

The illustrations and photographs, except seminude ones. "The Silent Drama Begins to Talk" is well done, and Marie Prevost's article is excellent. "The Trail I Struck to Hollywood" is an interesting story and stops at a high point of interest. All the personal notes are well done, the reviews are good, and the percentage method of rating used in the tabloid reviews is a most happy device.

Suggestions:

Have pictures of stars in modest poses. stick to the light, even, brilliant method of interviewing stars. More news about the studios, directors, scenario writers, heads of companies, formation of new companies.

JEAN SCOTT.

The Love Affairs of a Movie Actor

(Continued from page 26)

down the street towards the ferries. Back of me I heard the faint sounds of the police arriving at the scene of the tragedy, and I knew that I must be out of Jersey City as quickly as I could make it.

In another moment I arrived at the ferry house. A faint blast announced that an early morning boat was just about to depart. My heart grew chill at the thought that I hadn't even the few cents necessary for the trip. Then I recollected that Molly had asked me to take the nickel change from her quarter at the Owl Wagon, as she had no pockets for the money. Ironically, it was that very money to which I had so strenuously objected, that was saving me now!

Was he to see Laura Carlsen, the girl he had once loved and wronged? Read the next instalment of this fascinating story.

King and Queen of Movies

(Continued from page 13)

"Roundly" is the only way to describe his beaming, with a face the shape of his.

And the coronation took place. Rudolph graciously declined to be crowned, doubtless on the theory that kings are out of fashion—unless you hold four of them. Marion graciously accepted the crown. A large silver cup—empty—was handed to each of them. They smiled and thanked the other guests—the King and Queen of Sreenland, for one year—until the next ball of the Theatre Owners' Chamber of Commerce.

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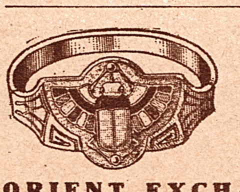

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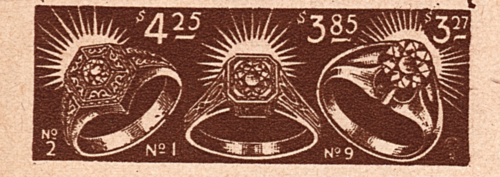

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My Own Story Of My Trip Abroad

(Continued from page 11)

our route lays by way of the motor-method.

From here we plan to motor to Nice where Natacha's mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Hudnut, have purchased the Chateau Juan Les Pins.

They are making the chateau their permanent home and are having a marvelous time remodelling and decorating to suit their own tastes.

I looked at seventeen different makes of cars and finally I went to see the Voisin people and ordered two cars from them. I intend to keep them over here to use when I come back, as I shall some day in between pictures. I ordered an open car for my own use and a closed car for Natacha. The Voisin people were very charming to us, and put a car at my disposal to go through Italy in, and another one to use while I remain in Paris.

NATACHA remained patient with a marvelous degree of fortitude during "The travail of the cars," as we called it, but when we were finally fixed at Voisin, she sighed, "Now for Poiret!"

It flatters me that Natacha, with her exquisite and unfailing good taste and discrimination, would not go to Poiret without me. "No, Rudy," she said to me, "I want you to choose my gowns."

When she said that I thought to myself that that pretty well proves the frequently argumented fact as to whether women dress for men—or for other women. If women are truly feminine, I believe that they dress for men.

AT LAST we were ready to visit M. Poiret. He is the one costumier in Paris best suited to Natacha's style, even temperament. We went to one or two other places and looked at their models, but for the most part they were wishy-washy things of pastel shades, with oddments of flowers here and there.

Natacha cannot wear that sort of thing. She's not at all the type. She looks best in vivid colors, no one color over another, but all colors that are violent and definite. Scarlets. Vermilions. Strong blues. Emphatic greens. Loud-voiced yellows. Blazoning purples. Pastels and dull shades are not becoming to her. Or, if she doesn't wear the violent colors, then she must have something most severe in line, in cut, black or else a dead, gardenia white. Simplicity of line. Daring. Chic. Poiret is the only one who can do that.

I shall not give Natacha away even in the private page of my diary by saying what time, how much of it, we spent with M. Poiret. But I will admit that it was quite as fascinating to me as I knew it was to Natacha. Perhaps part of the fascination for me consisted in the light in Natacha's eyes when she "hit upon something," as they say in America, that she knew, unerringly, belonged to her. M. Poiret commended us both upon our selections and told us he would have selected quite the same himself, had the matter been left wholly in his hands.

To me, it is like seeing a beautiful woman in a garden of beautiful flowers, when I watch one selecting gowns in a shop such as M. Poiret's. They linger over the fabric, over the colors, with the delicate deliberation, the consummate skill, the scented instinct of a woman bending over flowers, uttering soft exclamations of a soft delight when one particular one meets and enchants her eye.

It is a talent, a genius, or the cultivation of an instinct that all women who desire to be beautiful (and what woman living does not?) should have.

So many times my letters from fans ask me what I would suggest by way of "Beauty Hints." I smile a little at these. Such funny things to ask a man. And yet not so funny, either, for after all, it is true, that a man in my profession must train his eye and his taste to the discerning of what is beautiful and what is not in women. He must know, I must know, whether a woman is fitly gowned or not. A picture might well be thrown out of focus, artistically and poetically, at least, if there were unbecomingly gowned women in it.

I have never answered any of these questions on beauty, hints or otherwise, because I felt that, after all, there are so many so much better equipped than I to answer them. But merely from a man's point of view, a man who has observed women closely and much, I should say that at least four-fifths of the battle, if I may employ a term for the brave to fit the fair, is in knowing *how* to dress. Knowing what to buy. And knowing how to wear it after it is bought. It isn't so much a matter of money. Mind you, I am not one of the unthinking men who say, "Oh, a woman doesn't need much money to look well." I know that it does take money for the women of today to "keep up." Costumes are more intricate than they used to be, so short a while, even, as ten years ago. Nowadays, there are hats and shoes and stockings, purse, veil, gloves and trinkets to go with every costume. It isn't merely a matter of the gown a woman wears; it is also a matter of the accessories that go with it. But I do say, that all the money available would avail little indeed if discrimination and good taste were not in back of it, guiding. . . .

EVERY woman has a type of her own. One of the things the movies has done is to help women in their selection of the type of clothes she should wear. A woman on the Nita Naldi type, let us say, will see Nita Naldi in a particular evening gown or street costume, and an idea will come to her that might never have occurred to her before. The same would apply to people of the general types of Mary Pickford, Bebe Daniels, Claire Windsor and so forth.

Of course, there is one danger in this, and that is that some women do not know their own types. Or if they do know them, at heart, they like to delude themselves into believing that they are the type they would, contrarily, like to be. For instance, a girl with the general outline of Elsie Ferguson might wish to look like Nazimova, and, in imitating the wrong type, might make of herself—well, a nothing-at-all. That is why I say that the fundamentally important thing for a woman to know, or to learn, if she doesn't know, is HOW to dress. And that includes, is based on, indeed, her knowledge of her own type.

Well, Natacha tells me that I have been writing an hour and more and some of her gowns have just arrived from Poiret. Who am I that I should write if I can see Natacha "modelling" for me in the new and ravishing Poiret frocks?

More of this tomorrow.

Hebertot 'phoned today and has invited us to the Grand Prix at Deauville. He has engaged a whole villa for three days, he said, because there is to be such a tremendous crowd. Little, stuffy back rooms are going at six hundred francs a day. Something fantastic it seems to me. Natacha and I accepted with pleasure and excitement.

I said, "I hope it won't rain. I'd like to bathe."

And Natacha said, "I am so glad I have the Poiret gowns."

HERE we are in Deauville.

Outside my window the rain washes down in torrents. Such a rain as I expected in London and didn't get, and never dreamed of in Deauville and here it is! Traveling is a capricious business. A thing of many moods.

When I made this philosophical (?) observation to Natacha she said that I doubtlessly compared it to women . . . but I told her that I never compared anything to women. . . . anything, that is, save flowers and France and song. . . .

We had a rather amusing trip down. I suppose it was more amusing to me than it was to Natacha.

In the morning Jacques Hébertot called at our hotel in his car, and, with some flurry and pleasant stir and bustle, Natacha and I got into the open car, the closed one being loaded up as was intended.

(Continued on page 30)

Just a Regular Girl!

(Continued from page 9)

I next saw Marion Davies in a box at the theatre, wearing a white ermine jacquette and looking extremely beautiful. She always looks beautiful, by the way—exceptionally so. She would cause attention by her striking appearance, whether she was Marion Davies or some little nobody.

Two girls behind me nudged one another.

"Isn't that Marion Davies?" one of them whispered in the awed tones in which one speaks of a celebrity. They both stared at her raptly.

She overheard the question and smiled at them.

On another occasion Miss Davies was a guest of honor at a luncheon of the Woman Pays Club, an organization of professional women—mostly writers. And she gave a charming little speech, very sincere, very modest, and completely captivated every one of that sophisticated gathering.

"I don't know what to say to all you brilliant women," she began shyly, "because I'm only a little dumb-bell myself." Of course she isn't a dumb-bell, because if she were, she wouldn't admit it.' She wouldn't know it.

Then she apologized for her studio make-up—she was in the midst of work on her new picture, "Yolanda"—because she had just dashed over from the studio for a few moments. She was altogether delightful, with her shy manner and gracious smile.

And when she came into the office of Movie Weekly to edit this issue of the magazine—well, you can imagine the havoc it would create if a screen star should walk into your busy office. Particularly as she brought with her a cameraman with a movie camera, and had a movie taken of herself editing Movie Weekly. She was quite unself-conscious of all the stares of the curious stenographers and bookkeepers—unself-conscious and simple and unaffected.

Funny what a glamor there is about a screen star. Why is it—any more than about a highly successful business man? It's hard to explain; they're all people, just like you and me. They're all, with few exceptions, just regular fellows—or regular girls . . . like Marion Davies.

Play Reviews

(Continued from page 17)

"TWENTY-ONE"

Richard Barthelmess in Adolescent Tragi-Comedy

Presented at the Rialto Theatre, New York, with a cast including Richard Barthelmess Dorothy Mackaill, Joe King and Ivan Simpson. Produced by John S. Robertson for Inspiration Pictures.

When Dick Barthelmess lends his signature and himself to a picture, the fussiest fan may gamble on its merit.

The complaint has been murmured that Barthelmess has confined himself to juvenile roles which made sterner demands upon his emotional gifts than upon his endowment of charming youthfulness. "Twenty-One" provides a happy chance for the display of both qualities.

As its name signifies, "Twenty-one" is a drama of that most fearfully dramatic time of life—the midway between adolescence and manhood.

A young darling of a wealthy family, who has remained unspoiled in the face of every urge toward such a condition, gets himself mixed up in an innocent complication with the exquisite daughter of a poor family of the neighborhood. His father forbids their marriage, and, because his son is not yet of age, is in a position to enforce his veto. With the assistance of a wildly melodramatic plot dragged in a trifle too late to be credible, everything works out to a happy and successful conclusion.

Dorothy Mackaill as the woman in the case is perhaps even more lovely and effective than she has ever been before. Barthelmess makes an extraordinary lot out of what would have seemed meagre opportunities in the hands of a less skilled artist. The supporting, or rather, opposing, cast is efficient.

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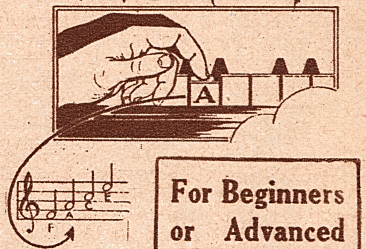
Three months ago I couldn't have believed that I'd be playing the piano today—why I didn't know the first thing about music. Never having taken a lesson in my life, it seemed there wasn't a chance of my actually ever learning to play.

All the time I thought they had that natural ear for music which I lacked, so I never asked them how they did it. Then one day a musical friend of mine gave me the biggest surprise of my life. He said, "Why, anyone that would like to can easily learn to play music by note. You don't have to study hard with a teacher, either. Just think, everything I know about the piano and the saxophone I learned through the mail. Never had a teacher in my life—just got ahead taking the short, simple courses of the U. S. School of Music in my spare hours at home."



Well, do you know, I sat down that very night and wrote the U. S. School of Music. Here was the thing I had waited for all my life.

In three days I received the School's interesting book. And after glancing through a few of the letters of recommendation and praise from some of the school's 300,000 enthusiastic students, I was completely sold on the whole idea. I found out that the same easy, pleasant, short-cut method was applied to all the different instruments, so I decided on my old favorite, the piano, and wrote at once for my first lessons. Best of all, these lessons cost just a few cents apiece.

From then on I was as enthusiastic as could be about my wonderful course in music. Each new lesson was better and easier than the last. Everything about them was so simple and clear that a child of eight could understand it. I'd read over the Print-and-Picture instructions, which made everything as simple as A, B, C—and then I'd sit down to the piano and play another of the School's beautiful selections. It was real fun—every bit of it. No practicing long, dull exercises—no discouraging bother with monotonous scales—no tricks, no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind.

And in exactly three months' time I was able to play a large number of my favorite songs. I feel sure that before very long I'll be able to play any piece of music I want to.

Of course, everybody's asking me how in the world I ever did it. As a matter of fact, I'm mighty proud to say that I got quite a number of my friends to become students of the best music school on earth, THE U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC. By D. L. KING.

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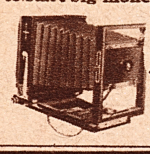

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My Own Story Of My Trip Abroad

(*Continued from page* 28)

We were taking in the countryside with such veritable gulps of enjoyment that we omitted indications overhead and the first thing we knew, we were driving in a pelting rain. It must have looked funny, if there had been anyone to look, to see our blithely going little procession of three cars (and three people, properly speaking) begin to do rather distressed spirals around and about, not quite knowing whether to go on, to change cars or what to do.

Natacha finally settled the point by refusing to drive with me longer in the open car, pleading the Poiret creation she was wearing as sufficient reason for the change.

The result was that Natacha got out of the open car into the closed car with the luggage, and Hebertot changed cars and got in with me—when he caught up to us, leaving his car to the solitary occupancy of his chauffeur.

Eventually another change was made, and Natacha got into Hebertot's car and the third car brought up the rear with the luggage as solitary occupants.

We finally arrived here at Deauville at eleven o'clock at night.

All the ride down, Hebertot had been reassuring me against the rain and general discomfort. He reiterated that the villa he had engaged was a little model of warmth, comfort and ease, and that both Natacha and I would speedily forget the dust, the ensuing rain and the general inconvenience of the ride down once we had arrived.

"Pauvre Monsieur Hebertot!"

HE MEANT so well, with his villa! But when we arrived, damp, disconsolate, tired and craving the creature comforts as we had probably never craved them before, we found "the little model" with no telephone, the fires out and an indifferent housekeeper to receive us.

Well, we managed to go to bed. It must have been our sense of humor that saved us, for, first we were angry when we discovered that the fires were out. Then we were amazed when, upon trying to 'phone for a man or someone to help us out, we discovered the 'phone to be conspicuous by its absence and then, when a woman came down the stairs and announced herself as our housekeeper and inquired if we were tired, we burst into simultaneous and irrepressible shrieks of laughter in which the person merrily joined us.

"Well," I said to Natacha, optimistically, "after all, it's just as well that it rained today, for now tomorrow will be fine and we can get some good bathing. I'm glad I brought my bathing suits and flannels and things like that. It's really what I came to Deauville for."

I was awakened the next morning by hearing Natacha say, mischievously, "*What* did you come to Deauville for, Rudy?"

I opened my eyes to a world shivering under blankets of cold mist and oppressive chill. Foggy. Rainy. Cold.

I had the grace to laugh. But it was an effort. I suppose I am a child about small disappointments. I think I can stand up, smiling, under big shocks, big troubles, major trials and tribulations; but I like the small affairs of my life, the small events of my days and nights to run along smoothly, as I have planned them—and anticipated them. I had planned sunshine and bathing for Deauville, and I felt unreasonably cheated and deprived when I saw that for one day, at least, I was not going to have them.

"I should have brought a fur-lined bathing suit," I said to Natacha, "and you should have left your white Poiret suits and sunshades and such things safely back in Paris."

I may add that here, tonight, the last of our stay in Deauville I have not yet been in the water, nor felt any desire to go in."

THAT first morning we breakfasted late and about ten o'clock a thin, watery sort of sun came reluctantly forth, as if to say, "Well, I'm here but I'm only going to tease you, not please you."

Hebertot suggested that we take a ride and see some of the country, and that is what we did.

We had a marvellous ride through that incomparable, picturesque, historic Normandy countryside, so highly and diversely hymned in poetry and prose by the many and the great who have known and loved it.

At noon we came to a roadhouse perched on the top of a mountain, from which point of vantage we could see the whole panorama of the coast and the particular spot where Rouen, the Nordic conqueror came to Normandy and from which spot William the Conqueror left.

We had luncheon there, lingering, with wine of the country and delicious food, especially delicious to us, because we were tiring of hotel cookery, and then we motored back to be in time for dinner at the celebrated Casino.

I think I'll stop here for tonight, trusting that this pleasant moment to pause will bring us fair weather for the morrow. I am still bemoaning my lost plunge in the surf.

I shall write about the Casino and what we thought of it tomorrow.

In next week's issue of Movie Weekly, Mr. Valentino will tell further intimate details of his fascinating European trip. Don't miss it!

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The Trail I Struck to Hollywood

(Continued from page 24)

came from the far end of the street below. Both Miss Faverish and I were startled by the sound.

"A woman is crying," I said.

"Yes . . . oh, my God! . . . look!" she cried out, pointing to the street.

A native girl, her hands outstretched to the heavens, was walking up the street slowly, sobbing at the top of her young voice. Behind her came a strange little procession. Two men were pulling a flat little wagon of some kind, upon which lay the body of a white man. Behind this vehicle walked Mr. Barrow and Rodney. It was then that I realized who the native girl was.

She was Laola, the girl who loved Jimmy . . . the sister of the native leader he had killed! A terrible suspicion burst upon me. The man must be . . . I strained my eyes to see if my belief was right. But before I confirmed the suspicion, a swift step in the room caused both Miss Faverish and me to turn around.

A Hawaiian woman holding a gleaming knife in her upraised hand was rushing towards us. Helene screamed at the same time I did. Instinctively we jumped to our feet. But our screams and our move did not stop the brown woman in her advance. She came at both of us, the knife a terrible menace in her hands. It was only a question of seconds when that knife would come down and strike one of us.

The brown-skinned races harbor a spirit of passionate revenge for wrongs which they believe have been done them. Death hovers close. Read next week's issue of Movie Weekly to follow this fascinating adventure to its close.

How I Wrote "Kiss Me Again"

Continued from page 8)

to get hold of an idea. And so, I left New York—left the din and noise of the city to go to Saratoga, where, isolated in a hotel room, I thought I would have the quietness and the change of environment that I seemed to demand.

"For two weeks I struggled to compose what I thought would please Mr. Dillingham's audiences. It was nearing time for the first night of the production. I was receiving frantic letters and wires begging me to return. I was desperate.

"Then, late one evening, while I sat at my window, I saw two lovers spooning on the lawn—in the shade of a tree where they thought they would not be observed—and—yes—they were kissing—and quite right, too. I believe in kissing—don't you?"

"Yes, yes," I answered. "But—go on, Mr. Herbert. Then what happened?"

"All at once the melody which is familiar to you came to me. I hummed it—whirled about to the piano, played it a dozen times, drew a blank music sheet to me and—lo and behold!—within twenty minutes, "Kiss Me Again" had become a fact."

"And the lovers?" I asked.

"Dear me," he said with a smile, "I promptly forgot all about them. Not until the next morning did it occur to me what an obligation I owed them. But, of course, I couldn't find out who they were. It wouldn't have been right to advertise for them, now would it?"

"I'll bet Mr. Dillingham was pleased," I said, "when you came back to New York with 'Kiss Me Again.'"

"I'll bet he wasn't," Mr. Herbert returned positively. "He didn't like the tune at all. I guess he thought it was about the flattest thing he'd heard in years. And no one in his offices liked it. They put it in the show protestingly."

"Producers are not infallible, are they?" I said to him.

"No—not any more than composers," he replied with a smile. "When it comes to infallibility, no one is more so than yourself in touching the hearts of the public."

I blushed appropriately.

Don't you think it was quite a distinction for [illegible]. Herbert to give me that interview?

[illegible]o.

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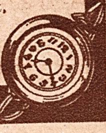

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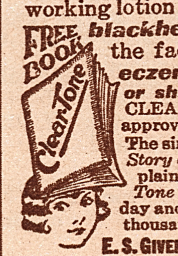

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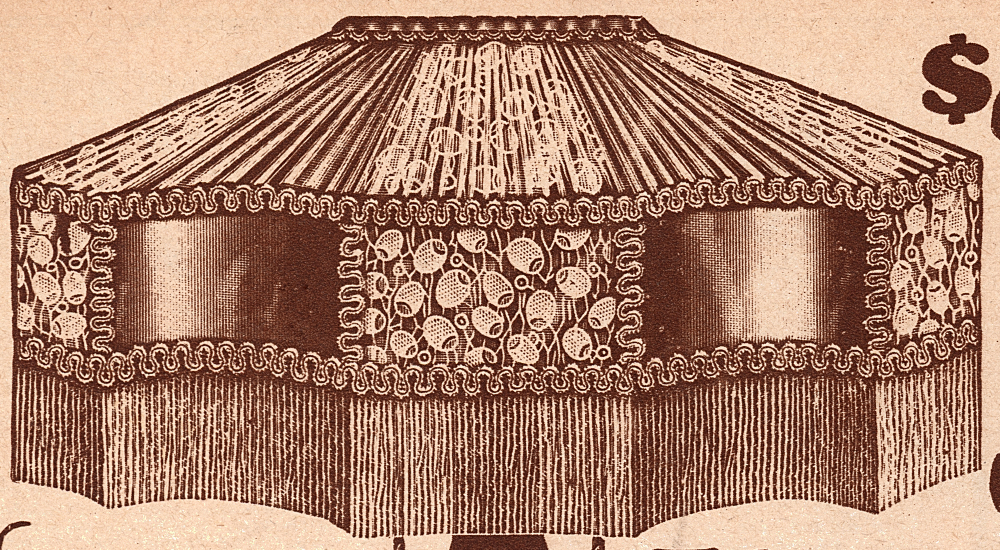

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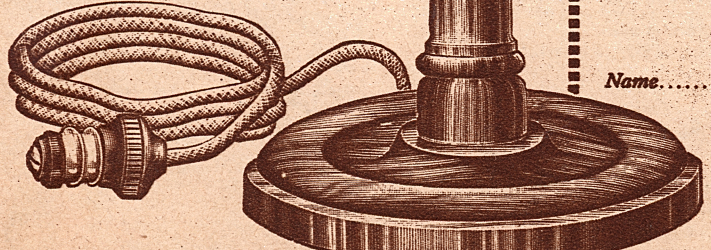

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Movie Weekly

March 15, 1924

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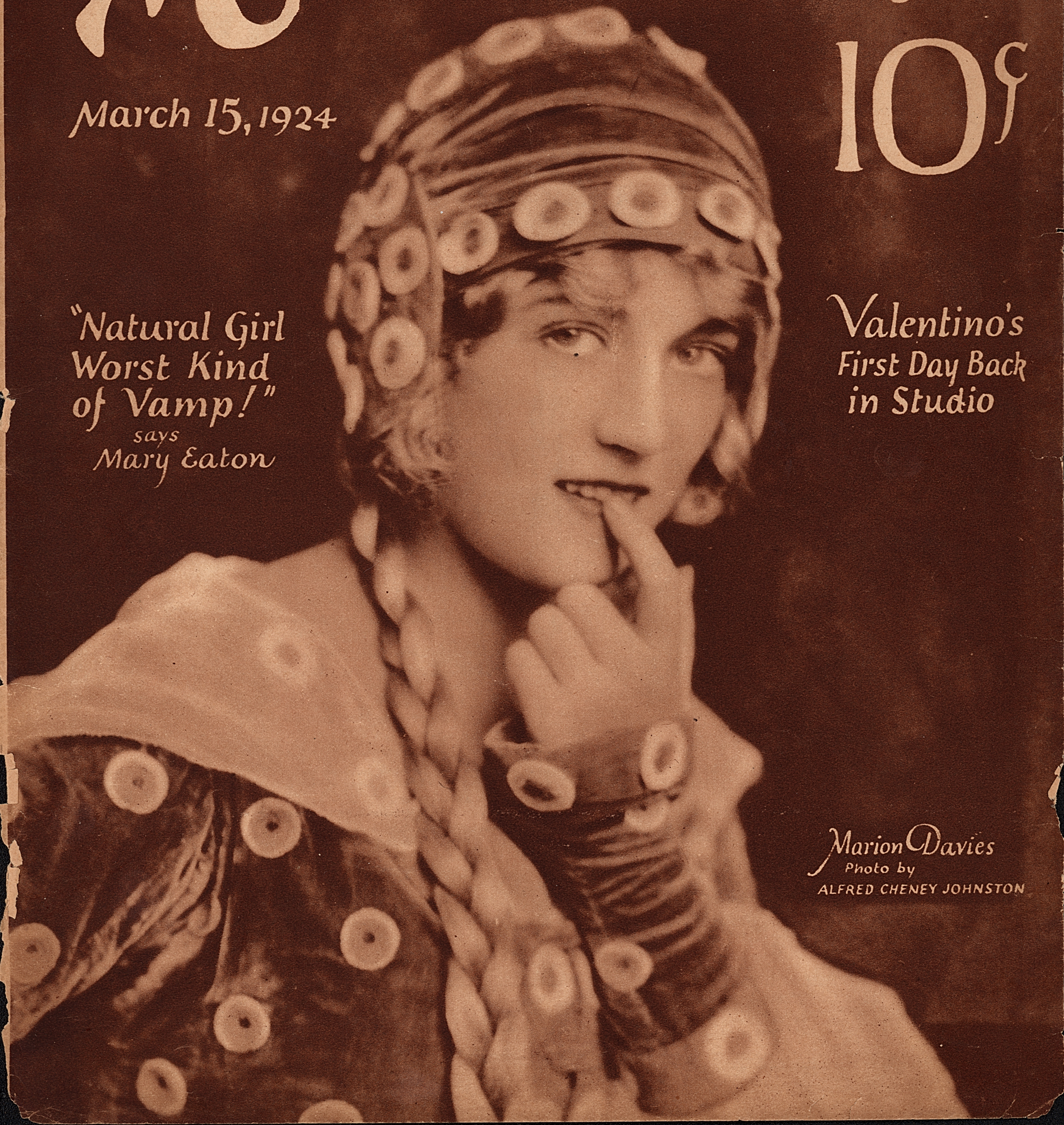
"Natural Girl Worst Kind of Vamp!" says Mary Eaton

Valentino's First Day Back in Studio



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